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To Aunt Anna R. Marten
with the compliments
of Charles M. Powell
and Rosamond E. Wills.

Nov., 1903.

A Family Memoir

Being some account of T. W. Powell and his wife M. E. Powell and of their Ancestors, compiled by two of their Children

London, 1903.

1655566

THE papers from which this family memorial is constructed consist of the following:

1. Pedigree: with brief account, by Rose Powell, of some of her ancestors.

Additional copies of this book at the price of £1 1*s*. each may be had of MRS. WILLS, 29, Lower Seymour Street, W., to whom all payments or acknowledgments may be sent.

The paper used is of beautiful quality, about the size of sermon paper; but if several people wished to write they used foolscap size and all wrote on one sheet. In one case a sheet contains eight letters, all crossed, a frank having been obtained. Extracts from Charles's letters are given.

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1. Pedigree: with brief account, by Rose Powell, of some of her ancestors.

2. Autobiography of T. W. Powell.

3. Letters to Robert Humphrey Marten, our great-grandfather, from his sons.

4. Fragments of autobiography, and various papers, by Mary Elizabeth Marten, and letters from and to her.

5. Letters between our father and mother after marriage, in particular those that they exchanged during his two American journeys in 1857-8. These latter have been edited by C. M. Powell.

From these materials I have tried to extract all that is of permanent interest and not too private for the perusal of ourselves and a few relations and intimate friends.

The letters to R. H. Marten I found done up in a little packet and labelled in our mother's handwriting, "From dear Papa to Grandpapa."

These letters are dated 1822-3, and are written by Robert, George and Charles Marten (the latter our grandfather), in days when the relation between parents and children was formal and letter writing was a very serious occupation. The paper used is of beautiful quality, about the size of sermon paper; but if several people wished to write they used foolscap size and all wrote on one sheet. In one case a sheet contains eight letters, all crossed, a frank having been obtained. Extracts from Charles's letters are given.

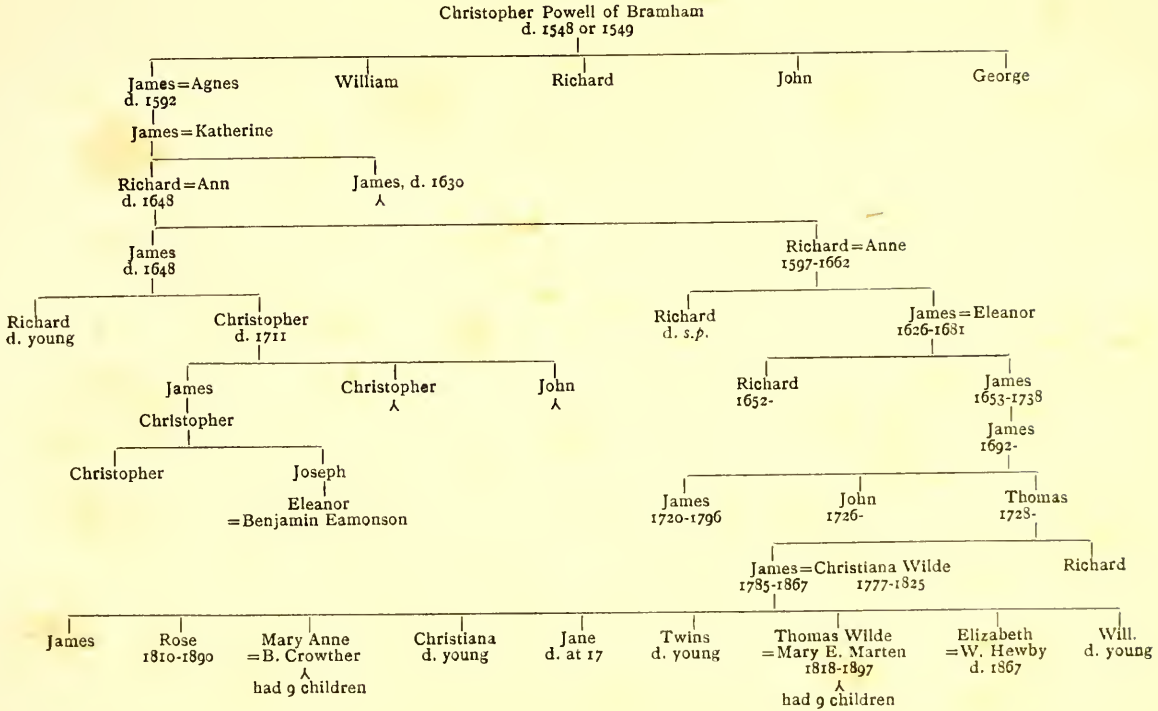
Our mother seems to have lived with her pen never far from her hand. She had a habit of writing down all her thoughts and made notes on a great variety of subjects,

some practical, some theoretical. She wrote at different times a good deal of verse, but I have not found any poems which seemed to me to have literary merit. In prose she always expresses herself fluently and well. At the end of each year, during her life at home between her schooldays and marriage, she wrote an account of the chief events of the past year, and plans for the year to come. From the annual papers I have culled the main thread of her life, but have omitted the more private portions of them, consisting of strict self-examination. Where elucidation of facts or names was needed, I have referred to her brother Charles and her sister Harriet for explanations.

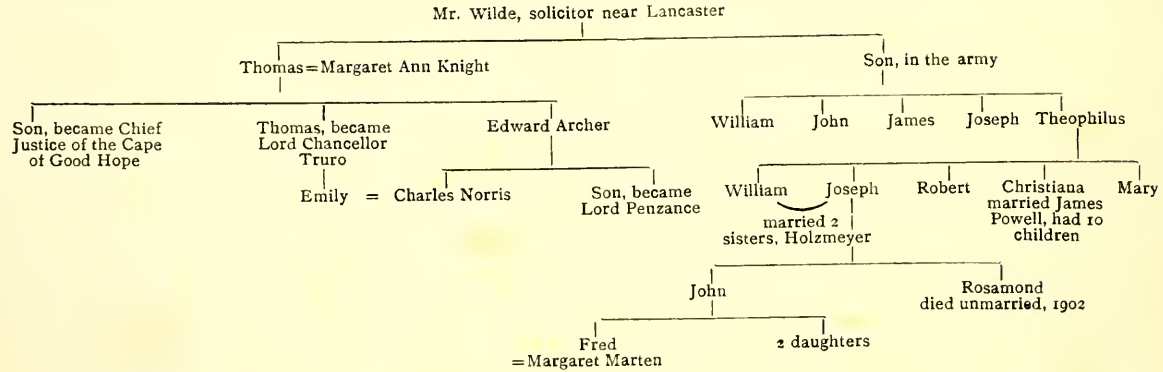
T. W. Powell's autobiography was only carried by him down to the year of his wife's death, 1871 ; but as I believed it to be the general wish that the main facts of the subsequent years of his life, to his death in 1897, should be briefly recorded, I have tried very briefly to carry out this wish.

ROSAMOND E. WILLS.

PEDIGREE OF T. W. POWELL ON HIS FATHER'S SIDE.



PEDIGREE OF T. W. POWELL ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE.



Notes on the Pedigrees of T. W. Powell, taken from a letter written by his sister Rose to his wife.

The James Powell who was born in 1692 purchased a plot of land and built himself a house. [I think it is implied that this house was near Bramham.—Ed.] Of his three sons one married and was childless, one died unmarried, and Thomas, the third, is our ancestor and succeeded to his father's little estate. He was thrice married, but had children only by his second wife, Miss Smith of Spofforth, whose father had an old place of his own near the old Castle at Spofforth, and whose brother was a solicitor with one office in Hatton Garden, and one house in London and another at Margate. James Powell, our grandfather, who married Christiana Wilde, had a brother and two sisters; one sister died without children, one left a son and daughter well provided for in America, a patch of whose estate James Powell purchased for his brother Richard, who had always been a drag, though not a bad man. Richard married three times, one of his daughters became eventually a widow and grandmother in Baltimore; and a son, "a beautiful boy, very slender and fragile," was taken by his uncle James to live with him in the bank at Leeds, where he died before he was 17, nursed to the end by his cousin Rose.

Of the origin of the Wilde family she knew but little, not being sure whether the Wilde who was in the army and fell in action, or the brother who was the father of Lord Truro, was the elder [and I do not know either.—Ed.]. But the soldier left a widow very ill off, who went to live in Bramham. Her eldest son, William, kept a school; John and James became wholesale grocers in London, while Joseph was a grocer at Bramham. Theophilus, our great-grandfather, took over his brother William's school, and also did a little land surveying.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF T. W. POWELL.

Some notes as to my life, made at the request of my children.—T. W. P.

On the east side of Briggate in Leeds, the third below Duncan Street, stands a building projecting a few feet beyond its northern neighbours—now it contains two shops with dwellings:—then it contained "the Old Bank" and my father's house. [It has since been entirely pulled down.]

Here I was born, 5th September, 1818.

My mother (*née* Christiana Wilde) was born at Bramham, 25th December, 1776; my father was born in the same village, 17th March, 1785. They were married 25th December, 1806. Both families had lived in Bramham for some generations: my great-grandfather Powell was born 1689 or 1690, at Bramham. My father used to tell us that when he was quite a boy he used to say confidentially that if ever he married he would marry Chrissie Wilde. She heard of this and pronounced strongly on his impudence: nevertheless it came about. She was a handsome woman with fine figure and presence.

My mother's father, Theophilus Wilde, was parish schoolmaster and clerk, and withal the vicar's intimate friend and associate.

Bramham (sleepy old Bramham except when schoolchildren woke it up), I remember from my earliest childhood: it is wrapped up in the same recesses as my

recollections of my mother, and my childish ideas of God and of heaven; a halo of sanctity and saintliness is around her image as I recall it, and I cherish fondly everything I can recall of her, even her rebukes and punishments. The church and churchyard in general, and the family graves in particular, always raise reverent reflections and memories. Their religious aspect is coloured with the memory of funerals of members of the family, not a few. Not very long before my mother's death I spent some weeks with her, lodging in a cottage standing off Church Lane: it was then that I fell into the brook, stretching out for floating cherry stones, smearing myself from chest to knees with yellow mud, and was sent to bed for a few hours for a punishment, during which time my clothes were cleaned and dried. I remember, too, a walk with her on a still summer afternoon to somebody's narrow field bordering on the [beck], and looking into a rustic shed for some dry reeds for arrows (I was anxious to find something that I could shoot over the church steeple). I pictured her in heaven with me, holding me by the hand.

The village boys used to tell me there was a ghost in the church with eyes as large as a saucer, and they held me up to the windows to look for it.

Bramham Beck is a sacred stream to me. My grandfather Wilde took many a trout out of it, he was a great angler. He used to fish in "Wharfe" and in Clifford Mill Dam. To me as a child its little pools were mysterious, its babbling shallows joyful; last year, 1885, in the long drought the poor little brook was very shabby.

Fine Garth Well was a delicious little spring some 200 yards N.W. of the church—suggestive of the waters of life; the field was called Fine Garth Well Field.

A celebrated village personage was Polly Bransby: I remember the old woman well: she had great force of will and character, shining out through a splendid pair of eyes: her husband, Johnny, was a great contrast to her, with

no force of character at all. She abounded in superstitions, and traditions and ridiculous gossip, including highly coloured stories of her domestic experience and many of the supernatural, and her brogue was of the fullest development. Her name and funny reputation are a village memory to this day. Alas, the old cottage is going to ruin: the landlord knows nothing about *her*.

While I was a child under six I used to go with my sisters to their school, two other little boys did the like. I remember that then I could read easily and knew my multiplication table to twelve times twelve thoroughly. I remember that one afternoon one of the other young boys and myself being somehow let out into Park Square, and finding a window of the next house open a few inches at the top, we tried our skill at pitching flakes of half-dry street mud through the opening. It turned out that the family were dining, and we were suddenly caught and compelled to go in and beg pardon—we had been pretty successful in our aiming!—but we were quickly forgiven.

The travelling in those days was well variegated. Post-chaises were a common sight, nearly always yellow, and carrying two people: they were hung on C springs, and had no *driving* box, strictly, but a seat in front for servants: they were nearly always managed by a postilion, but could be driven from the box seat: they furnished very fine travelling, except for the trouble of paying for horses and the postilion's fee nearly every hour—rather a bore at night! The public travelling vehicle was the stage coach or the mail coach, the latter carrying (usually) the five outside passengers in front only, and the guard behind alone, while the stage carried seven and the guard behind, both carried four inside, very rarely a coach carried six inside. "The Mail," with its one only seat behind, was a compact and altogether lighter carriage, built for speed, and it rattled along most cheerily. The guard had his mails in a "boot" under his feet, and carried pistols.

The omnibus was unknown and no such thing in any shape as a suburban public carriage. I can remember the first flies or cabs in Leeds, also before them, two sedan chairs. Gigs were largely used both privately and by hire, and so were saddle horses. Lawyer's clerks took journeys long and short, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in gigs: luxurious solicitors and bankers took post-chaises. Christopher Beckett with my father always took a post-chaise to Wetherby to collect Fountaine Wilson's rents. Of course there were some queer hacks let for riding journeys, and such beasts have more than once come down with me on business journeys. My father, whose shillings were important to him, used to look out sometimes for a "return" empty post-chaise to Tadcaster or Wetherby when someone had to go to Bramham (Bramham was then on the road to Wetherby, the Collingham road not being then made). If the chaise were returning to Tadcaster the party was put down at "Cross Roads," and walked one and three-quarter miles to Bramham. Also to and from this point the York coaches were used by the Bramham folk, and in default of any other method the covered cart of steady old Billy Staples, carrier between Leeds and Bramham, and York and Bramham, was made use of, while the uncovered cart of John Aimes (unsteady and harum-scarum) was usually avoided. John Aimes was a curious mixture, energetic but without ballast, easily tempted with drink, yet he sometimes preached among "the Ranters." I have more than once travelled in the care of old Billy: once I remember I started between three and four from Bramham, on a dark winter morning, for Leeds; I thought it would be warm in a covered cart, but—it wasn't!

In my boyhood there were no lucifer matches, the servants, on waking, struck a light with flint and steel, "tinder" (linen ash), and brimstone match; in nights of sickness a wretched dim rushlight (rush-wick tallow candle), value about a farthing, was burnt, lasting three or four

hours, sometimes it was put under a large funnel for shade. That was the time of old fogie watchmen with drab coats and large capes, who carried rattles and staves, and bawled out frequently the time of night and the state of weather: a convenient announcement to burglars, who thus knew when the lumbering old fogies were coming in their direction (sample: "half-past three o'clock, rainy morning"). Day police there were none; there was a chief constable and he knew where to find one of his two or three subordinates, I think they had their quarters at the prison under the Court House in Park Row and Infirmary Street.

Mentioning the prison reminds me that I have frequently seen an offender sitting in the stocks in the prison yard, usually, I fancy, for being found drunk and disorderly—stuck there to cool!

When I was a child the old Mote Hall (called Moot Hall), was standing in the middle of Briggate, just a little north of Kirkgate; on the ground floor were several butchers' shops—street on each side very narrow. Further north was the "Cross" or covered but open-sided market for butter, eggs and poultry: after it was destroyed (and perhaps before) the women stood along the footpath with their rustic produce in that line. The Corn Exchange across the top of Briggate was built in my school-days, and was ornamented in front with a statue of Queen Anne, which had previously ornamented the front of the Mote Hall. That Corn Exchange has been pulled down: so also the Commercial buildings built in my schooldays—they have been pulled down: I used to go into the basement rooms to watch the plasterers moulding a Greek ornament for cornices.

My mother took me one day to have my likeness taken (near the Mote Hall) in profile cut out of thin black paper and mounted on a white card: it was only head and bust. I can remember it distinctly: it cost a shilling, but I would give a guinea for it now—of her we had no likeness.

I can well recollect the opening of the Central Market, also of South Market, and I think about same time was established that poisonous place, Hallewell's Dram Shop and Shades. In whose days will the abolition of drinking shops complement the abolition of slavery?

I used to cut "switches" from the hedge opposite South Parade; we used to fly kites in the tenterfields a little north of the top of Park Row. Thomas Blayds's house, where the Town Hall now stands, was, with about an acre of garden and shrubbery, strictly private. Park Row, South Parade and East Parade were three sides of a square, which was almost unbuilt on. The old Infirmary gardens, abutting on Wellington Road and King Street, seemed to the excluded plebs a place of delight. I remember having "grimy" nosegays, chiefly of London Pride, from a Park Place garden (T. S. B. Reade's). A few public lamps were lighted with dim oil and simple wicks.

My mother died in November 1825: little Willie about six months later, aged two years and ten months. Dear little Willie, a few minutes before he died (in the room his mother had used as her bedroom), he stretched out his hands and fixed his eyes and said "Mother." About the same time I had a narrow escape from death, I think from inflammation of the lungs: I remember quite well the dreamy state of weakness, and the leeches.

When I was about six years old [nearly seven], I was taken to Hiley's school: there were sixty to seventy boys. He was a good master but his boys were a roughish lot. His school was in a large loft over Lassage's dry-salting warehouse, but soon after he removed to a new building in Rockingham Street, and for awhile we had nearly all the land on both sides the street for playground, and a jolly playground it was, abutting on a green field and nursery gardens (Pontey's). Hiley moved to his house in the same building from Providence Row, and had a lot of the boys to help to carry light furniture, for which purpose he gave

a half holiday. I was in this school nearly eight years, and for much of the time had Edwin Gilpin for friend and rival: for a year or two we were a class by ourselves and Hiley was rather proud of us. I nearly always did my home evening tasks in the bank—the clerks used it as a sitting room—and there I used a fine large table which Chr. Beckett and Wm. B. used in the daytime. The bank in those days used tallow candles and snuffers.

Our schoolboy rambles then were moderate: we soon got into the country from Leeds, and three or four miles from Leeds was about the limit of our wanderings. Kirkstall Abbey was a favourite resort, and I wonder some of us did not break our necks in climbing very difficult places. Woodhouse Moor was our cricket ground, and in those days it had many acres of gorse (*whin* bushes we called them).

For several years during this period my summer holidays were spent at Boston, often called Thorp Arch, but Boston (new) and Thorp Arch (old) are in two different parishes, divided by the river Wharfe, spanned here by a charming old bridge, 200 yards above which is a beautiful weir (dam), whose roar, soft or loud, is ever in the air. More than once I had my sister Rose with me (now we are the only two left to each other*), and I used to fish a great deal, she sometimes going with me and taking a book. Those school holidays spent by swift gliding or slow pooled Wharfe winding by steep cliff (Jackdaw Crag), and summer fields, and by dipping willows, come back to me like clearly remembered dreams—threads of Virgil and Horace and heathen myths mingling with the Arcadian realities. Sleepy Boston and rustic old English Thorp, and babbling Wharfe that made music for both of you, you were all very sweet—I have not forgotten you in my long city life, nor do I think less of you *as you were* for all the scenery of either side the Atlantic which I have seen since: *as you*

* She died October 7th, 1890.

were I say, for I am sorry to have seen, last year, some damaging "improvements" in Boston, and that the river has rearranged for the worse some of its gravel beds and sand banks; also the mill at Thorp was a charred ruin, and the water, held up by the weir, "had got no work to do." The scenery about that weir is very pretty. Now there is a railway station a mile from Thorp: many a time have I walked between Boston and Leeds! Perhaps I am a little sorry for my visit of last year, but already the little changes are retiring from memory, and the old ones of fifty-two years are hustling them out. Boston village and old Thorp Arch are scarcely changed at all; the mill dam has been thoroughly repaired and is greatly improved in pictorial effect.

I still had my summer holiday at Boston after going to the Free Grammar School, and one summer I had as a visitor Charles Angell, a boy unaccustomed to summer outings of more than one day: he enjoyed his visit and his fishing exceedingly. He was "Os ossis" among the school boys, because he said "Oth othis." He was a very amiable lad: he took orders, but never had any good appointments. Once he was chaplain of Leeds Borough Gaol, and I should guess that he was very unfit *for that*. I gave him a fish-tackle pocket book which he kept (still an angler) to the day of his death, which occurred somewhere near South Marlton two or three years ago [now it is September, 1886]. He existed for a great part of his life on one or other of the starvation stations of the mean-spirited Church of England —mean-spirited I mean in respect of her working clergy. The Church of England, like King Solomon, likes to spend its money on things its members *can see* and enjoy the sight of, things that are tasteful and pretty.

In January, 1832, I went to the Free Grammar School in Leeds along with my rival at Hiley's, Edwin Gilpin. Being much forwarder in Latin than Greek we were coached up in the latter by a big boy of the name of Spencer, who

was in the seventh form under Dr. Holmes. Mr. Walker, the previous master, was a fine classical scholar, Dr. Holmes had not so high a reputation. School hours were seven to nine (in winter eight to nine), ten to twelve, two to four, afternoon holidays Wednesday and Saturday, whole holiday Monday once a month, and occasional whole holidays were granted besides, the masters being not at all unwilling.

Gilpin and I entered the middle school under Wollaston, but were moved up to Holmes' school (fifth form) in about five weeks. Wollaston was a contemptible tyrant, harsh and cruel: the boys said he revenged himself on them for being tyrannised over, bullied and beaten by his wife, a huge unfeminine female. He was atrociously cruel to his own sons, his own scholars hated him, the boys in the upper school despised him, and those who had been in his clutches hated him also, and of course they nearly all had been in his clutches. I was under him for only five weeks and he never struck me.

At this school, a few of the more energetic boys used the whole day holidays for long walks, occasionally "to Harrogate and back" (15 × 2) was done as a great feat. With Gilpin I once did to Boston and back, besides a couple of miles before starting, and butterfly hunting on the way, and the walk home included a soaking thunderstorm, filling our clothes and shoes with water. I suppose we covered thirty miles at least—I *was* tired.

Midsummer examination, 1833, I was first in my class, Gilpin second. My father was delighted and gave me my first watch. The next two examinations put me second: —but I *knew* that somebody else "cabbaged"—well, I forgave him, he was a failure ultimately, and has long been dead.

In September, 1833, I left the school. My father gave me a trip to Scarborough, and a few days' holiday after that, before my going to Atkinson, Dibb and Bolland's to be

articled. Then was my first view of the sea ; right glorious was the September weather for a week, after a soaking wet day for the coach journey. What a journey! six inside! a very fat dyer and his very fat wife being two, and the front part of his *corpus* wobbled about as if his waistcoat covered forty pounds of jelly-fish. I remember his name but in mercy withhold it. How my father enjoyed that holiday! It was about the second he had in twenty-five years, his first holiday at the seaside except a few days at Broadstairs.

My sister Jane died in the first hot weather of 1832 ; she was everybody's favourite, she was wanted in the better world—all the day she died she kept hearing sweet music, and wondered that nobody else did. I remember that I felt that I ought to weep and could not, and I remember my father's grief and his tears ; boys, too often, do seem hard hearted, but perhaps it is necessary they should be, as the world is. A sweet and thoughtful lassie was she, wonderfully orderly and methodical. We considered that her illness was caused by neglect of her health at school, and the incapacity of her doctor when he was called in at school. We had wellnigh lost Lizzie from like causes. We took her to Scarborough in 1835, and so thin was she that I carried her pretty quickly and without stopping from the North Beach at Scarborough, zig-zag, to the castle yard gate: I was then scarcely seventeen, she was not fifteen. Dr. Hobson, of Leeds, afterwards took her in hand with great skill and restored her to health and strength.

In the last week of September, 1834, the Leeds and Selby Railway was opened. I had several times walked through the tunnel before the rails were laid ; it is half a mile long, and had three eyes for light and ventilation.

On October 1st, I went to Atkinson, Dibb and Bolland's, solicitors' office, and on the 16th was articled to Thomas Townend Dibb for five years: the office was just five

minutes' walk from my home in Briggate. The clerks were Adams, whose time was nearly out; Battye, who had to stay above a year, having been assigned by his father at Birstat; and Geo. Fred. Harrison. William Reade came the following January. I soon became intimate with the families of Harrison and Reade, we three used to read at one another's houses, once or twice a week.

My sister Mary Anne married B. Crowther, Christmas, 1834—the bedrooms being all engaged I slept very uncomfortably on a sofa. It was a matter of great interest when Mr. Dibb became engaged to Miss Piper, reaching a climax on their marriage in (I think) October, 1835: she was almost idolised by the clerks in the office. Harrison was, of course, most intimate, for at the Harrisons' house she was visiting when Mr. Dibb first met her. Poor Mrs. Dibb, she suffered much ill-health for some years; she was a conspicuous member of Leeds Society. She died since I began to write these notes of my life, having been a widow about ten or eleven years: her husband died suddenly from a clot of blood.

About the early days of my clerkship a Church enthusiasm sprung up in Leeds, for increased church provision, out of which sprung St. George's Church. What a wretched blank architectural taste was then! and how dead was a great part of the parish! there was a sprinkling of truly religious people, and a multitude of lifeless; but there was a great waking up under the influence and evangelistic energy of the Rev. W. Sinclair, who was appointed to the new district of St. George's. He came months before the church was ready, and had a Sunday School and a Sunday service in the lower and upper rooms of a small warehouse. It was when the arrangements were being made for opening this Sunday School that, after consulting with my sister Rose, I decided to offer myself to Mr. Sinclair as a Sunday School teacher, and she and I were in his first staff of workers: it was the beginning of my religious life. St. George's

Church was consecrated in (I think) November 1837. About 7th January 1838, the top of the spire was blown down and crashed through the west gallery, mischief was done also to the towers of two other churches; to raise the expense of repairs the church people of Leeds flung themselves into the revels of a huge bazaar, which realised £2,200, held in the Music Hall suite of rooms.

In the spring of 1837 I made my first visit to London, on occasion of the application for the Act to buy up and abolish the Leeds "Soke" of the "King's Mills."* Then I made my first acquaintance with my uncle Joseph Wilde and his wife, and my cousins Rosamond and John, living in Tredegar Place, near Bow. I walked there from Cockspur Street the evening of my first day in London, and returned same night by omnibus from Mile End Gate—I think that was the first omnibus I ever used. I had already that morning called at my uncle's office in Mincing Lane and seen John.

On 24th May, 1837, there was public holiday because on that day Princess Victoria attained her royal majority of eighteen! Dear little Princess, you soon had to put on the harness of royalty on the death of your sailor uncle. I too was eighteen. We have both of us seen many things, and great advances in the development of the English race; we have both had our troubles and losses, and both also much happiness. I spent that day at Ilkley with G. F. Harrison and Harry Teale.

My father had but a scant income, I wonder now how he could afford to allow me what he did, *viz.*, £2 per calendar month for all my clothes and pocket money; this was increased by incidentals to £26 or £27 a year, out of which I arranged to save a pound or two or three per annum; my principle has always been that whatever my income should be

* I am rather doubting the accuracy of this, I think my first visit to London must have been on the application for the Leeds Water-works Act.

I should make a little less serve. I always found my shoes and boots the most exigeant and oppressive item of expenditure, they cost more than my coats! This went on till my articles expired; a few months before that time Mr. Atkinson invited me to stay two years longer at £100 and £150 a year, to which, after consulting my father, I agreed. I was then rich and in easy circumstances: at the end of those two years and after spending three months at my own cost in London (14*s.* a week lodgings and ditto my "keep," etc., which was lightened by my spending many evenings and all my Sundays at my uncle's), I had £180 left, and I think I never have had less since. During those two years I was still boarded by my father but I did not take any further allowance.

I left Atkinson, Dibb and Bolland's office 16th October 1841. A year before I left, William Lee Brooks came to it from Whitchurch, and we soon became exceedingly intimate; he became chief clerk when I left; he was very friendly with the Dibbs and very much at their house. After a week or two I went up to London to "Agent's Office," but this was almost a delusion; I did there almost nothing, but settled down to reading at my lodgings (Pentonville), and at the Law Institution library in Chancery Lane. I used to read six or eight hours a day at my lodgings four days a week, besides some reading at the Law Institution. Each Wednesday I dined at my uncle's in Tredegar Place, also each Saturday, staying on till Monday morning —thus I became very intimate. Rosamond and I grew into a close cousinly friendship now nearly fifty years old, and I cannot remember that it ever even once had a ruffle; it seems curious that so long a non-acquaintance was followed by such a close and happy intimacy. My cousin John was a trouble to his father and turned out badly: never was there a clearer providential provision, for practically I became to him and my aunt as a son instead of John, and to Rosamond as a brother; to Mrs. William Wilde also, who

survived all her children, I was somewhat as a son also. What a clever old woman she was even till nearly ninety-three! she died at Ripon. Mrs. William Wilde was the widow of my uncle William, who died, I think, before I was born.

The Prince of Wales was born when I was up in London, 9th November 1841. My examination in January 1842, I passed easily. When I had glanced through the questions I smiled at myself for having been nervous, nevertheless the nervousness returned and continued till I received the verdict "*passed*"—there was then no classification.

After "passed" I spent a few days in London, then returned home, soon after which my father left the bank after thirty-two years' service. We moved to a little house in Lyddon Terrace, from which, Westwards, we saw Rombalds Moor, and Eastwards (on Sundays) Pontefract Church, and when front and back door were both open and a wester or south-wester blowing, the wind blew through *with fury*.

Then I took an office to practise law, No. 16½, Albion Street [now, July, 1886, just pulled down]. My father turned book-keeper to his son-in-law: I used to dine at home in the middle of the day and he and I walked to and fro together; he was very deaf but still I could converse with him as he walked at that time. We were four, father, Rose, Lizzie, and self, and were very happy in our little home.

From 1842 to 1845, in addition to my bit of law I used to do a little share business, and this business increased more than the law business. I let the use of my back room to Fredk. Heycock, and so we became intimate. He had some friends who bought and sold shares: after a while he proposed to me that we should go into partnership as stock-brokers. After some consideration and consulting my old governor, John Atkinson, I agreed to the proposal: we took two ground-floor rooms and started; we were favoured by

immediate election to the Stock Exchange and started in full blast.

In a few months we booked a few thousand pounds in commissions. In my prosperity I had taken a good house in Headingley Terrace: while the additional furniture was being bought, the panic of 1845 came down upon us—a panic indeed!—poor Heycock was utterly upset by the fear of failure, and I was obliged to make him stay at home for a few days while I managed the ship. In the autumn we separated; I wound up the partnership, and after all bad debts were written off we had some £1,500 to £1,800 to the good. On separating, he took one clerk, Ripley, and I took Thomas Walker—the latter is now a rich timber merchant at Hartlepool.

Share business gradually dwindled down: members of the Leeds Exchange were many of them poor: I was afraid of bad debts, while profits were too small to cover the risk: I had saved five to six thousand pounds. I decided to give up, and, my father being tired of work, we settled to look out for a snug house in the country (he had a little money and £200 a year pension, my sisters also had a few hundred pounds each). I took Holme Lodge, near Thirsk (five and a half miles): I put a little furniture in, about October 1848; we all migrated in March 1849. My uncle and aunt (Joseph) Wilde and Rosamond, having left Hoddesdon, came and spent the summer with us.

In the excitement of 1845, I took 200 and my father took 50 shares in a new gas company—the Western (London). In the autumn of 1849, Mr. James Ogle appeared at Holme Lodge to press me, on behalf of the Leeds shareholders, to consent to get a seat on the board, and endeavour to produce a radical reform, for the company was in bad hands. I was persuaded, spent many months (off and on) in London in 1849-50, and, with the frank and cordial co-operation of other directors, we got rid of the chairman and solicitor, and laid tracks, which soon afterwards

became successful, for supplanting old Palmer, the engineer, with a good practical man (Wright).

After this, in 1850-51, I was set to work, at Mr. Swainson's request, at West Hartlepool, and took a cottage at Seaton Carew, but Ralph Ward Jackson was beyond my control (or anyone else's).

In 1850 I went to dine with Mr. Charles Marten: he and Heseltine (M. and H.) had been my London brokers for some years (say London agents). The occasion was thus:—I was taking over the mastership of Mrs. Joseph Wilde's settlement; I needed a burial certificate to be procured at Wanstead, I enquired of Mr. Marten how to get there, he offered to drive me in his pony chaise (he generally drove to the city from Plaistow), and invited me to go home from Wanstead to dine with him. I saw Harriet, but she was not the one, she was a school-girl; on another occasion I dined with Mr. M, and saw Emma, she was not the one. Having heard from Heseltine about *Miss* Marten I went about nursing a desire to see her also. I had to wait, and even then to make my opportunity. In the summer of 1851 I was in London with R. W. Jackson, on dock business. One Sunday afternoon I started from Cockspur Street, Union Hotel, and walked to Plaistow, then I found her. I seemed not unwelcome to the whole family. Emma I had already made acquaintance with, and Mary had of course heard of my previous visits. When I rang the bell, Emma peeped out of the window to see who was there: she saw who it was and told Mary. Mary one day after we were married told me that she there and then had a feeling that "her doom had come." I stayed all night, was invited again soon after, perhaps more than once; then I secured her for a long afternoon at the Exhibition in Hyde Park, that afternoon I moved forwards pretty fast. Soon after I returned to my duties at Hartlepool. I pondered and decided to commit myself, this I did by letter, answer not unfavourable, therefore hopeful: rushed up to town again

within a week or two, and in a few days I had her consent and a family welcome.

In my inmost thoughts and my contemplations on the happiness of marriage, I had for years held to a fixed principle as a guiding star, *viz.*, that I would not take to myself any woman of whom I could not feel sure that we both held earnestly the same Christian faith, the same hopes of eternal life in our Lord and Master, "the Way, the Truth and the Life." Before I made her acquaintance she had gone through doubts and troubles of mind: she had Dr. Binney for friend and comforter and helper: she escaped into belief and happiness, and came to know Him in Whom she believed. Dr. Binney thus became well acquainted with her, and when I lost my dear one it was he who said, "I am sorry for the widower whose wife was Mary Marten." I know that at one time, when in abstract and exalted meditation on the bliss of having some day a sweet good Christian wife, I prayed to God to bless and keep and guide my future wife, or rather I should say the woman who should thereafter become my wife, whoever she might be. When that was I do not remember, but I have thought it might be just then when she was led out of her doubts into faith and comfort.

Soon after this Mr. M., being far from well, came to Holme Lodge for a visit; in a few days he was very much better, when suddenly Heseltine sent for him, because he must needs go to somebody's funeral in Norfolk. It was a pity, for Mr. M. relapsed again. After a little work, and arranging with Heseltine to offer me a partnership, which I agreed to, he went off with Mrs. M. and Mary to Malvern to the Abbey House. There Mary corresponded with me; the account of her father's health was discouraging, then he had a fit. At once I went off to join these poor ladies in their trouble; I arrived there to breakfast, and very glad they were to see me—the next day he died. Charles and Emma arrived in the evening, Mr. George Marten next day.

My cousin, Wm. Wilde, died on or about the same day. This family trouble plunged me at once into acquaintance with all the family circle on both sides:—

On Mr. M.'s side.

George Marten
Doctor Cook and his wife (Mr. M.'s sister), and their two sons and daughter
Aunt Sarah (Marten)
Rev. Robert Marten and Alfred

Mary's sisters and brothers.

Emma Maria
Harriet Louisa
Charles Henry
George Priestley
Arthur Robert
Anna Rose

On Mrs. M.'s side.

Mrs. Priestley
Mr. and Mrs. Foster and their children
Mr. and Mrs. Overbury and their two daughters
Miss Watson (Aunt Sophia, afterwards Mrs. Brown of Manchester)
Uncle John Watson
Mr. and Mrs. Robarts (Aunt Charlotte), and their children, also Mr. R.'s son Fred

Mr. M. was buried at Abney Park Cemetery.

George Marten and Mr. Overbury, two of the executors, renounced, leaving Mrs. Marten to act alone, for it was decided that she should incur the risk of accepting investments such as the will did not allow, to make a better income [this turned out entirely successful]; I became her adviser and very much the family friend.

Mr. Heseltine offered me equal partnership on condition of an allowance for five years to Mrs. M.; I agreed at once and came up in July 1851 to work.

We were married 12th March 1852 at Hackney, the church of the parish in which Mrs. M. lived; they removed to Upper Clapton (Essex Lodge) in November 1851. I lodged for a few months in Tredegar Square. I took the last house in Blackheath Park of Miss Goodwin's executors, got in some furniture and went to live there with old Mrs. Cousins for housekeeper. Sister Lizzie came up to help me to furnish and make ready for my bride.

My father and sisters concluded that Holme Lodge would be too lonely and too much care without me, and we found a house for them at Ripon (West Mount).

We were married on a Friday, and my father, good Protestant though he was, was greatly concerned when

he was told it would be on a Friday. I was free from any such superstition, being sure that God, though He had blessed one day in seven, had not cursed one. What a number of generations may carry on a superstition! I suppose it must have arisen in Romish times. Howbeit he came to the wedding and seemed in nowise unhappy then.

I took twenty-three days' holiday: the journey was by Bath and Clifton and Clevedon to Linton, thence by Ilfracombe and Barnstaple to Clovelly, Budehaven, Camelford (Boscastle, Tintagel, Delabole), Penzance, Tavistock, Exeter. At Camelford, treeless Camelford, we sadly alarmed Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Creeper by being out after dark—we had one pony between us. At Tavistock I made acquaintance with the Rundles—Bessie Rundle afterwards became Mrs. Andrew Charles; she was already an authoress.

We had a pleasant circle of acquaintance at Blackheath. The church was under the charge of good old Mr. Fenn, a pious and genial old man. He was about sixty when we settled there, and I used to feel surprised at seeing him running (at that age) to catch the train: but I find now that running for a train may last a good while beyond sixty.

Chrissie born 8th December 1852, an intensely interesting arrival. I had an hour of meditative prayer for her at the time of her birth—about midnight. Her great-grandmother, Mrs. Watson, came to see her, and while nursing her said that she herself had been in the arms of her great-grandmother, so she tied together seven generations.

August 1853, we (Chrissie included, with Ellen for nurse) went to the Lakes with my father and Rose and Lizzie. We had a splendid visit; headquarters Ambleside and Keswick—no rain till the last afternoon. At Ambleside we had an event; we thought my father had come to grief among the hills towards Kirkstone: I got together in the evening six men, and we were arranging where each was to go, and a *rendezvous*, when the old gentleman appeared, very tired,

walking in along the Kirkstone Road. He had left all of us and betaken himself to a summit, where he saw another summit, and then another summit, and at last he came scrambling down somewhere about the Screes to Kirkstone Tollgate house, where he had to dine on biscuits and ginger-beer! The sight of all the men gathered for a search decidedly impressed him.

On 9th March 1854 May was born. In August we went to Niton, weather very hot, children both pretty well there; then I had the first taste of worry about Erie bonds. E. H. had been very eager to have some and had bought $50,000 of 1862 bonds; they suddenly fell about twenty per cent. and I was unhappy about them at Niton, they rather spoiled my holiday.

After this, unwarned, H. and myself took hold of further American and Canadian ventures, one of them on the recommendation of J. Edgar Thomson: they brought us into a great amount of worry and trouble. About one of them I went out to Canada in July 1857, and about the other to Philadelphia and Ohio in November 1857, staying till May 1858. I don't know that I did very much good, but I got to know something about Transatlantic affairs; it was a pity that E. H. did not go too, for he could never shake off his too hopeful opinions about ill-conceived projects. While I was away the first time Mary took her four children to Hastings, and Charlie was *very* ill there in the hot weather. During my six months' absence they were all at Ripon; it was a very anxious and troubled time to me and her.

I went out first time in the "Asia" (Captain Lott) to New York, returned in the "Persia" (Captain Judkins) from New York; second time in the "Europa" to Boston, also Captain Lott, and returned in the "America" from Boston.

Anxiety about American bad investments continued for some years, gradually mitigated by the new overlaying the

old. E. H. had got more than *all* his capital locked up in unsaleable stuff; I had a few thousands free, and with them we worked our business. In June, 1860, we left Blackheath Park for a furnished house (the Kensingtons') at Charlton for a year (for twelve months we had been hunting about for some more rural habitation). Early in 1861 we took the Cherry Orchard on lease and proceeded vigorously to overhaul and enlarge it. We entered into rough and scrambling possession in June, the new part being far from finished—we had but a nailed-up carpet at night between the old and the new. Soon after entering, while in the garden early one morning, a message came from E. H. that he was too unwell to go to the office. This was the beginning of a severe illness, which developed into pleurisy; he was away for seven months, during which he moved to Godalming. During that seven months I took two hours to go to W. T. Makins' wedding, and with that exception was in close attendance at the office daily. Mary and the children went to Worthing; I joined them on Saturday afternoons and returned between seven and eight on Monday mornings.

When Heseltine returned to business he soon got into work again. A year or two after this I had the opportunity of selling about £14,000 worth of Buffalo and Lake Huron Deferred bonds; I took it, and thereafter felt a great reduction of anxiety on several accounts. E. H. refused to sell any, holding tenaciously to them and his Marietta and Cincinnati bonds.

Again, two or three years after this, I got into a new anxiety by helping G. P. M. and his partner (Simms and Marten) with loans: the end was their failure in 1867. I was made liquidator, and was absorbed with winding up their contracts for many months. The most disagreeable part of this affair (more painful than my loss of more than £10,000) was the fury of S. B. Boulton (a creditor for some £2,000), who charged me with misleading him into con-

tinuing to trust them. My indignation against him for his pertinacious charges against me, to our common friends at Charlton, sustained me against his violent conduct, but he grieved my dear wife most deeply, and I have no doubt the affair injured her health. It was, I still think, a cruel proceeding; it is fortunate that he and I have long been clear of each other's tracks; I almost never see him.

On Christmas Eve, 1868, Mrs. Heseltine died suddenly. *He* was utterly broken down by it, miserable in his solitariness—she had been both wife and husband to him: he returned to the office but never again went into the Stock Exchange. When we took J. P. H. into partnership we had each given him an equal share from our own shares (*i.e.*, we each gave up alike), but the entire discontinuance by E. H. of his attendance inside the Stock Exchange was a restraint upon my share of liberty, and I resumed my half of the business profits. Not many months elapsed after Mrs. H.'s death before he confided to me that he was contemplating marriage with Miss Ann Postle.

The failure of Simms and Mn. threw on my hands three unfurnished houses at Ore near Hastings. My sister Rose in a chivalrous spirit settled to live in one, which she did for some years, and then she moved to Notting Hill and lived there seven to eight years.

While she was there, *viz.*, in March, 1871, came the crucial time of my life. Theodora was born 7th; Mary was pronounced to be in danger on our wedding-day the 12th; she died on my father's birthday, the 17th. I swallowed grief with every mouthful of food for many a day; I laid my troubles at the feet of Him Who bids the heavy laden to come to Him, and I tried to acknowledge the dear things still left to me, and opened my soul to pity the widows and orphans, who have at least an equal sorrow in losing the breadwinner and therein being plunged into poverty, and I promised to myself that I would remember the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.

Emma was wonderfully kind, comforting and cheering, and dear Chrissie took up her new burdens with wonderful strength and ability. May God bless her for all she did for us all.

The Autobiography ends here.

[I have thought it best to reproduce the following two letters almost in their entirety, in a separate place, instead of trying to parallel certain passages of them with the autobiography, only omitting small pieces which are actual duplicates.—Ed.]

London,

22nd April, 1869.

My Dear Chrissie,

It has come into my mind to amuse myself, and probably interest you, by writing you a letter now and then about old times—times before you were born and when I was a mere child; and also your "forbears" on your father's side. The circumstances in which we live now are so changed since the dim distances of my far-back memory, by steam, railways, penny post and land and water telegraph, Reform and free trade, that I verily believe there is more difference between 1824 (which I can pretty distinctly remember) and 1869, than there was between 1691, the year when my grandfather was born, and 1824. Naturally one's earliest memories cling around one's mother—my mother I can remember, not so distinctly as I should like, but still I do remember her. She was rather tall, fair and disposed to be stout; she had a fine presence and in youth had a very good figure. Her figure in my mind has a saintly halo about it; she was a God-fearing religious

woman of the old Wesleyan type, in fact she was, I suppose, a member for some time of the Wesleyan body, attending occasionally their class meetings, but regularly attending Church and Church ordinances. She was several years older than my father, and there is an amusing but perfectly true story, that when she was a young woman she was not a little piqued one day because my father, then a mere chit of a schoolboy, had said to some other boy, "If ever I marry anybody it will be Chrissie Wilde."

Now, the village in which this was said, and in which they were both born, was Bramham, lying on one of the great North lines of travel, yet sufficiently isolated to be intensely local in its thoughts and habits; to me it was the Paradise of childhood, and my heart swells with joy to this day when I recall and redevelope the sweet soft happiness I enjoyed as a child in my early visits, even at six or seven years old, to that village. The summer, or summer but one, before her death, my mother had some lodgings for a few weeks in a quiet cottage in a rather open place, *i.e.*, with garden space, in the village, and she had me with her—such a little chap I suppose as Bertie. How I did enjoy it all! Shade and sunshine, bubbling brook and bull-heads, churchyard for a playground and church bells for music, the sleepy lazy hum of village business, the distant ring of the village blacksmith's anvil, the wandering about whither I would, to the carpenter's, the wheelwright, the basket-maker—the making of bows from ash saplings, and arrows from dried reeds which the basket-maker gave me, the occasional license to pull currants or gooseberries *ad libitum*, the gingerbread or biscuit or slice of seed loaf given to me when my mother called with me on some of the old-fashioned village people whom she knew from her childhood, the tumbling about in hay-fields, the riding on the top of hay-carts from distant fields to farmyards near the village . . . . the quaint old church with its three funny old bells, a spire like an extinguisher . . . . .

the bald rough church music with singing the most extraordinary and an accompaniment of violoncellos.

Of this church my grandfather Theophilus Wilde, (and of the parish of Bramham) was clerk, besides being the schoolmaster and the most important official personage next to the parson. Not such a clerk as in these degenerate days, but a man meet to be almost the parson's equal and in fact the parson's chief friend and intimate companion. He lies in the churchyard which he so often trod. I will not positively affirm that I remember him, but unless dates contradict me, I am sure that I do remember seeing him once, and that was at Bramham when he was buried, and that I was somewhat startled on peeping into a bedroom and seeing a white counterpaned bed with a quantity of craped bonnets and other sombre habiliments lying thereupon.

This Theophilus Wilde, I am told, came to Bramham when a boy (or else his father did*), with his widowed mother and her other sons; she came to reside there from Lancashire, and used occasionally to shut up house and visit her Lancashire friends. These Lancashire friends we understand to be the forefathers of that Thomas Wilde (rather a queerish man I am afraid), who, after being a shrewd and successful attorney (in Hatton Gardens or some small Inn of Court), with not the most select kind of practice, went to the bar, became Sergeant Wilde and ultimately Lord Chancellor with the title of Lord Truro. Some acquaintance between the two branches of the family was kept up while Theophilus Wilde lived, but his son Joseph, for some reason or other, when he came to settle in London, deliberately let the acquaintance drop, and it has never been revived. Some collateral branches of the Bramham Wildes were existing in Bramham fifteen or twenty years ago, but I think they are now utterly extinct, and now that I reflect how remote their relationship was to my mother I

* Himself, not his father, according to Rose Powell.

conclude that the widow lady who grafted the Wilde name and family on Bramham was the grandmother, not the mother, of my grandfather Theophilus. By the way I may here mention that my grandmother, the wife of Theophilus, was named Rosamond—so there you have the root of our Rose and Rosamonds.

9th June, 1869.

My Dear Chrissie,

I sent to you by train this morning, a pasteboard box full of cut flowers, not a bad text to start me off on another letter of my autobiography, for in connection with both subjects it has occurred to me that when I was not much younger than you are now, my floricultural knowledge was of the most limited description, for although I was always excited by the first view of the blue hills, delighted with running waters and in full sympathy with fields and dells and country lanes, I had no particular fancy for flowers till I had emerged from boyhood, till in fact I had a little garden of my own. Leeds was and is a terrible place for murdering plants, we could not keep them alive in the windows . . . yet I was not without vegetable tastes, for I remember that I thought the green plants and shrubberies of Park Square a sort of town Eden and envied the dwellers in houses which overlooked the enclosed ground and gave them the right of user. My place of nativity, my home for twenty-three years, was in "Briggate" (Bridge-gate), the house of the Leeds "old Bank." That Bank is thoroughly woven in among all my young memories. My father went into it as chief clerk and remained as such thirty-two years; he, living on the spot, had the responsibility of the place on his shoulders out of banking hours—a responsibility which in the long winter nights was not at all to be desired—and the susceptibility to uneasiness and alarm on this topic pervaded more or less all the members of the

household, for we all knew that the Bank cash, at all times large enough to tempt the most high-flying and desperate thieves, was kept in the cellars under the Bank, and we used to imagine all sorts of possibilities of schemes and plots of organised first class hands to get at such a booty—in short, it is not too much to say that the never-ceasing feeling of care and charge of the Bank and its treasure threw a perpetual atmosphere around the whole family.

The house, which contained the Bank and its two Bank parlours, was a most atrocious achievement of architecture: ugly and plain, and incredibly ill-contrived. The Bank was wonderfully prosperous but very stingy, and my father was as careful of money on their behalf as if the partners had been all poor and straitened. Most oddly, considering what a safeguard lighted gas is, the Bank, from mere prejudice, refused to admit that new-fangled thing, coal gas. The Bank clerks worked with each two disgusting tallow candles in tin candlesticks; the candlesticks were daily cleaned and closeted in our kitchen—in winter twenty to thirty candlesticks were in use: we also used candles. A long, long dreary passage, belonging partly to the Bank and partly to the house, was lighted with one candle in a pendant lamp; in the early history of this lamp candles were used that needed snuffing, and as this operation was effected only at rare intervals, you may imagine the general effect of an unsnuffed candle-lamp in a long and high passage. The long dreary staircase was utterly unlighted—positively dark when daylight was withdrawn—so also was the yard of the house.

The main building fronted the street, Briggate, a squarish block, of which the ground floor was occupied by the Bank itself, and a covered passage leading into the yard. Over the Bank and this passage were four dwelling or bedrooms, and over them four more. Then there was a long tail of buildings (one floor only), sticking out behind the Bank in single file, *viz.*, Bank parlour, staircase, low room

(a second Bank parlour), our own parlour, kitchen, scullery, coal place, a line of great ugly "lean-to"—oh, what a piece of architecture! The yard was 110ft. long (did not I know every flagstone in it!), and 16ft. to 18ft. wide, surrounded by buildings 20ft. to 25ft. high; the sun got into the yard in summer, but never touched my slides in winter. It was flagged all over with stone, and had on this account many advantages; it was washed every Saturday afternoon with buckets of water, and so in the peace and quiet of Sunday the stones looked clean and sweet: but only a Leeds person could believe what a quantity of soot had accumulated on each Saturday, and how black was the water that flowed down the gutter into the sewer. And oh, what water it was, how like ink, which delighted my boyish faculties when the July thunderstorms sent cataracts over the roof spouts after choking the perpendiculars, and formed a pond in the middle of the yard because the grating was stopped! My joy was, however, always short-lived, for somebody in the Bank or the house always felt it a duty, immediately the rain subsided, to clear the grating and drain away my lake.

Going as far back as I can remember, I can just recall my mother's grave, tallish and somewhat portly figure. She died when I was just six years old. In all my mother had ten children, five sons and five daughters. Two boys were twins and died soon after birth; James, the eldest, died very young; Chrissie died a little child; Jane died at sixteen; Willie, the youngest, at two and three-quarters; the other four you know or have known. Aunt Rose, the second child, and I, the eighth, are now the only survivors.

Letters of CHARLES MARTEN *to his father*, ROBERT HUMPHREY MARTEN.

LONDON,
31*st August*, 1822.

My Dear Father,

If George finds difficulties in undertaking to head a sheet of paper, what must poor Charles feel, who, far from the power of being able to spin an epistle from his brain, finds it not easy to detail the few facts he has to communicate (how nicely a long word helps to fill a line). Robert and George seem to have found enough to say in abusing each other; I, being of a mild and peaceful disposition, am cut off from this source, and to flatter I am ashamed, therefore you must be content with what little matter I may glean from the unruffled surface of the stream of life, down which we are gliding unnoticed and unnoticeable, and what is *note*? To be exposed to the envy and ill-will of nearly all—being obliged to weigh every otherwise unimportant action, not only in the balance of right and wrong, but against the opinions of all around, whether it be befitting our situation, or will answer the expectations formed of us, knowing that the world will kindly put the worst construction upon whatever may appear doubtful, though to the actor—he having motives sufficient to convince the most sceptical, could he detail them—the deed may appear not only right but imperiously necessary. It has been often remarked that the portion of a nation's existence which least affords material for the historian is the time of that people's greatest prosperity and happiness, and so perhaps in individuals. Next to preparation for eternity, present happiness is man's great object; now the pleasurable emotion springing from the few great events which

may occur in life are so alloyed with anxious feeling and hesitation, and besides the excessive excitation produces painful feelings and is generally followed by reaction from lassitude, or from our bright anticipations not being fully realised, that they are not to be compared with the continuity of calm satisfaction arising from the everyday enjoyments of life. But I have been writing a tissue of nonsense, and were it not going to an indulgent father, should certainly commit it to the flames. . . . . I very much hope you will make your health and not your journal your first object in this tour. When with us in Germany you refrained from writing of an evening, which is a very important point, and as you wish to make the most of the time in the necessary preparation for a winter campaign among the thousand briars which too thickly beset your path here, you must now cast aside all thoughts of said thorns and briars and attend solely to the recruiting of strength to enable you to contend with effect when the combat shall be renewed—light walks, light diet, light wine, and no bilious malt liquor will best produce light and sound sleep ; writing and thinking or too early action after meals prevent good digestion, and if you invade your moments of rest by thoughts of the aforesaid thorns and briars, you will only weaken yourself and not them. Above all Sir your good wife's company is the best cordial. She is an antidote to carking anxiety; her sound sense will suggest the best means of overcoming difficulties and removing cares, and even if irremediable she best knows where to lead you for consolation. I am sure none better understands how to double pleasure and divide sorrow. Give my kindest love to her. I often think with gratitude of the interest she takes in my welfare, and I trust do not wholly overlook her advice though prone to neglect it. Many of her sentiments suggest themselves to my mind very opportunely, especially during my present unsettled state of mind as respects future prospects in their various

bearings. As yet, I find my solitude very bearable. I am attacking German stoutly . . . [and then he goes on to tell in more natural language the incidents that have occurred].

From the same to the same.

LONDON,

25th September, 1822.

My Dear Father,

Your letter received this morning gave us very great satisfaction ; there was evidently a more healthy tone about it, and I trust that your perseverance in the use of the means will be blessed with a perfect restoration to health, and then we shall hardly regret this trial in the hope that through a conviction of the propriety of your relaxing your efforts and sparing yourself much personal fatigue, your life may be protracted to the good old age of your father; and I humbly trust that a portion of the satisfaction which he felt from your attentions and conduct may gladden your heart and cheer your declining years in the contemplation of your children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Though the same opportunities may not be afforded nor the same means possessed I am sure the desire is not less and will not be less; but I check myself, we have the same opportunities and means: it was not the increased fortunes and the participation of them that made him proud of his son Robert, nor the talents which he displayed, which opened his path to a higher sphere of connections and acquaintance; it was his high character for integrity and sterling piety, his respectful and assiduous attentions to him on which he anchored the happiness of old age; in this we may imitate

him and I trust we may long be blest with the opportunity in which we may make our gratitude to the kindest and most affectionate of fathers apparent. We all feel very thankful for the satisfaction which you allege you derive from our general conduct but we are sensible it falls very far short of what should be the fruit of the careful education we received at home and at school. . . John Warmington has written to his father from Mallow, County Cork, at the house of W. Beecher Esq. M.P. who married the celebrated Miss O'Neale. John says she is most excellent in character and beautiful in Person. He says he had no conception of the miseries of the lower orders in Ireland; they appear to him to be much affected with the generosity of their British brethren to whom they bore no very good will. He is travelling daily and speaks very gratefully of the reception he has everywhere met; he anticipates his arrival in about three weeks. Mr. Hanbury in a note to me says there is nothing very new in the Irish Committee, they are now preparing for the third report. He desires his best respects. Mr. Grattan has sent you (with his compliments) a copy of the Dublin Mansion House Committee Report upon winding up their business; they have likewise made a permanent fund for the improvement of the peasantry. Who can now say that Ireland is neglected? I hear the Fishmongers' Company have established schools for 20,000 children on their estates; add these to the number educating by the Hibernian and other institutions, and look at the good effecting by the Societies for sending out preachers and what may we not expect in course of time? Ireland was the source from which England was enlightened. I hope she will again shortly be the means of conferring that inestimable blessing upon other benighted Regions. . . .

The same to the same.

21*st March*, 1823.

My Dear Father,

It is only a few months since your children conjointly addressed you upon the occasion of the youngest of us attaining that age at which the law considers us no longer in need of other guardianship than our own prudence and discretion may afford. We then, on reviewing your paternal care of us, testified that no father could have fulfilled his duty to his children with greater wisdom, firmness and affection than you had shown us and we offered our united thanks for the solid and religious education we had received from you. That day I shall never forget ;—your kind reception of our letter gave fresh proof of your affection for us and drew our hearts more warmly toward you. . . . .

Allow me to-day to advert more particularly to yourself, and to congratulate you on the many mercies with which you are surrounded. You have now arrived at another term as it were in your allotted number of years, from which you may take a calm survey of the past and present circumstances of your life. In the retrospect how much have you and we to be thankful for, remembering what might have been the case if with your talents you had not been gifted in an equal degree with industry and perseverance, or had you been suffered to misapply them, and in lieu of your many efforts for the temporal and eternal welfare of your fellow creatures you had increased instead of lessened the sum of misery in the world, how different would your feelings then be ; or had prosperity so inflated your mind as to have led you into such a style of life or linked you with such connections as your mature judgment would disapprove, would not your present peace of mind have been impaired and anxiety have eaten into

your comfort as a canker? But God in His infinite goodness has prevented this by His restraining grace, and has led you to seek happiness where it is to be found.

Extracts from MARY ELIZABETH MARTEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"The patent of nobility is the more esteemed the more ancient it is—because (as Mr. Rundle said) titles were generally bestowed on such very exceptionable persons for such very unprincipled acts of service that the farther the present holder is off the winner the better. . . . . This pride of birth reminds me of Richter's sarcasm, 'Citizens like plants in the old system of Tournefort are classed by their flowers and fruits; the nobles much more simply after the method of Linnæus by their races, that sexual system.' . . . My grandfather's father was a confectioner. I am quite content to be subject to the laws of classification adopted in the citizen class. . . . My grandfather, Robert Humphrey Marten, was a very clever man. He had untiring activity and much clear-sightedness in business—knew how to use opportunities of advancement well—and, what is perhaps rarer, to make them. He had a genial nature, a warm heart, plenty of broad humour and decided public spirit. When he had won an easy fortune he gave up the drudgery of business and devoted himself with all the ardour of an enterprising nature to various schemes of Christian and philanthropic unselfishness. If he had been an educated man probably his taste would have developed very strongly in the direction of literature; as it was, with no more than the desultory information which habits of private reading, aided by a sound judgment and good memory, gave him, the indication alone could be perceived. He wrote

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voluminous journals of his various travels abroad and at home, illustrated by rough but expressive pen and ink sketches; his letters were worthy of the fine bold hand in which they were written . . . of course I remember him only as an old gentleman. . . . He had three sons and two daughters: Robert, Elizabeth, Charles, Sarah and George. Papa was his second son. Mamma was before her marriage Miss Hannah Watson. My grandpapa Watson has not nearly so much character as grandpapa Marten—but what he has is most estimable and deserving of respect. Grandmamma [Mrs. Watson] is naturally shrewd, active and affectionate; her imagination is even now buoyant enough to bear her thoughts up into regions of speculation whither her husband and most of her children cannot follow. She is also nervous, susceptible, has a great deal of practical sense on common matters, and these qualities Mamma inherits."

[Here is another description by her of Robert Humphrey Marten.]

"I have a very distinct recollection of my grandfather, R. H. Marten, as I was thirteen years old when he died. He was a very fine old gentleman as I recollect him: large, indeed corpulent, but very active, with a fine bold forehead fringed by very silvery hair. His father, though only a confectioner, was remarkable for his courtly manners and my grandfather partly inherited this. A long acquaintance with the world and with various society gave him great ease of manner and he had a very racy mother-wit, which caused him to be exceedingly entertaining to us children. He went nearly every day to London in his carriage as he was chairman and director of several boards, though he had given up business, and we were sometimes invited to ride with him for a treat, when he would joke and play with us nearly all the way. He occasionally gave us serious advice, but either it made slight impression or else he was

sparing of it, for I chiefly remember his more humorous sallies—though he was a most excellent Christian man and very useful in his sphere. I have several letters by me written on birthday occasions, etc., which show this, and I shall quote one."

[There are two letters; I quote portions of the earlier, dated Plaistow, 7th June, 1835. No letter has actually been inserted in the original.]

My Dear Mary,

It is with much pleasure that I offer you my congratulations on this return of your birthday, because I can rejoice in that you have not been idle but that you have diligently availed yourself of the many advantages by which a kind and indulgent Providence has distinguished the situation in which you are so happily placed. You are born of religious parents . . their precepts, their example, their influence are to you blessings of great importance:—if—you rightly improve them; but (you) will have heavy responsibilities if (which may God in His mercy to you forbid) you should grow up to despise and abuse them. You have the Holy Scriptures and you have ability to read and understand them. . . . As your grandfather, you will, I think, permit me to avail myself of this opportunity, moved the more to it by this being the *Lord's* day, to inculcate upon you some things of high importance to your future happiness. At my advanced age I may not expect to see you rise to maturity of years and I hope that you will do me the favour to keep this letter as a memorial that I feel interested in your real welfare.

Remember God's Omniscience, Omnipotence, Omnipresence—His Holiness, His Truth, His Mercy: and strive to refresh your memory and to promote the proper influence by frequent if but short meditations upon them. . . . If I would select two or three things of great value

to you as rising into a world full of temptations, I would say—

Guard against the love of the world, which in its ultimate workings proves itself to be enmity against God.

Watch over your own heart, for out of the heart are the issues of death.

Be slow to speak but swift to hear that which is good, and habituate yourself to think over that which you have heard.

Be not a hearer only but a *doer* of the Word, which is able to make you wise to Salvation.

Be firm as to the Use of Truth—in word, and whatever may convey an intended meaning.

Be very choice in your acquaintance and more choice still in your cultivation of friendships and your selection of books.

I know that yet you are but of tender years and I am aware that this may appear to you to be a very serious kind of Birthday Congratulation, but I am happy in being able to write to my dear Mary as to one to whom it has pleased God to grant an excellent understanding and to give inclination to improve it by a diligence which induces good hope for the future. I write, too, as one who feels that it may be the last opportunity of the kind which may be afforded to him, and looks therefore on this as a kind of moral legacy which he humbly hopes and sincerely prays may be as bread cast upon the waters to be found in its benefits after many days.

That it may please God to be the guide of your youth, your stay through life and your eternal reward for the blessed Redeemer's sake, is the earnest desire of, my dear Mary,

Your affectionate Grandfather,

R. H. MARTEN.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Marten.

" He was very generous, both in his gifts and his hospitality, and it was owing to this that he did not die so rich as was commonly expected. Two of his presents to us I particularly remember, one was a very large wax doll named Emily, which he had caused to be dressed and also furnished with several suits of clothes, and which was accompanied by a little book of verses written by himself, one verse on each page in his own bold handwriting. . . We were sent for to the Hall, as it was then called, to receive (it). The doll was a great favourite for a long time, and the cradle when we left Plaistow was given to a poor woman of the village for her baby. The other present was a small mahogany chest of drawers, probably intended to contain Emily's wardrobe. We were again sent for to receive it, and I believe it was on this occasion that we were first allowed to go without a servant, one being sent on, however, to open the great iron gates, which were too heavy for children to manage. There is a widening of the road in front of the house, and several oads meet there, commonly called the Broadway. I remember feeling it quite an enterprise to cross this and saying to my little sister Emma as we set forth on it hand in hand: 'Now the two vessels are launched on the great ocean.' In this chest of drawers we kept various treasures, shells in the larger drawers and in the smaller ones letters, for letters were not so plentiful as they are now and were carefully hoarded.

" Grandpapa took a great interest in the instruction and in the pleasure of the village people. He used to write lectures on various physical and moral subjects and read them in the schoolroom one evening a week. . . . Nothing is clearer or more delightful in my memory than the Christmas days of those old times. Grandpapa invariably, though a Dissenter, went to church in the morning. Papa and Uncle George (then living at Westham) usually took a long walk. All my grandfather's sons

and daughters, with their husbands and wives and such of their children as were old enough to be admitted, dined with him, I believe at four o'clock. The minister and his wife always came to this Christmas dinner and the younger grandchildren were introduced at dessert and shared in the festivities of the evening, the chief of which was a universal game at Blindman's Buff from which no one was excused. There were some laundry rooms over the kitchens, where it was held, and the great amusement consisted in catching the elders of the party. Decidedly the most popular player of the party was our good uncle, Dr. Cooke. . . ."

* * * *

"I have very often wished when reading the interesting and romantic adventures of some who have chronicled themselves that my life were as much like a story as theirs. As there is no way to make it like a story I am determined to make a story of my life. . . I believe that to me *novelty* is the great crowning charm of existence. It is a dangerous tendency, this preference of the new to the true, of the fresh to the tried. . . I believe that in the training and discipline of every soul . . enough would be found to deserve the very careful attention of all interested in the formation of character. . . . I have heard of those who lived to write. One half of their existence was spent in chronicling the other half and the chief interest of even the half spent in action was that it would soon be written. I differ from these egoists. If I did not think that writing down the record of the past would help to make the future better than that past I would not write at all. This autobiography . . has a pretension to inclusion in *Exercitia Spiritualia*. It is not a prayer but I am sure it is the fruit of many; nor a thanksgiving but many will be occasioned by it. It is just

one of the many steps that I am laying down to climb *Excelsior*. . . .

"I was born on the 7th of June, 1826, at Plaistow, a village in Essex, about six miles from London, . . too far from the City for the advantages of a residence in London and not far enough to permit the enjoyment of a strictly country life. It is small enough for everybody to know the affairs of every other body yet large enough for the co-existence of several distinct circles and for the strife of several opposite parties. . . It lies off the London and Romford high road, about a mile and a half from Stratford, and is called by some mischievous people the end of the world. It enjoys the undesirable reputation of being damp and unhealthy but this is not true, for some years ago, when it was thoroughly re-drained, several of the old trees died for want of moisture. Between it and the Thames there are some long reaches of low flat rich land, once probably overflowed by the river and now a famous pasturage for cattle. The chief employments for the poor are field labour and market gardening and we have a large proportion of Irish families among our poor population. The women work in the fields as well as the men and in cold weather dress in coats, which gives them a very mongrel appearance . . . It cannot be called a manufacturing neighbourhood. The traditions of the place are very few. There is one house in Balaam Street in which Edmund Burke is said to have composed his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful. If he did he deserves great praise for a power of abstraction which could enable him so to transcend the bounds of the Actual and Present as to think of anything beautiful at Plaistow." [She next mentions an old mansion said to have been a country house of Sir Thomas Boleyn's, from a tower near which you command a wide view including Shooter's Hill, "the only eminence visible from the neighbourhood." Next follows a detailed account of the many places of worship belonging

to different sects. The Congregationalists, including Independents, Baptists and Methodists, have the best school in the parish.] "The Quakers are very numerous in this parish and the Plaistow meeting is their stronghold Here Mrs. Fry preached and here the *élite* of the Quaker body attend. I have counted as many as fourteen or fifteen carriages before the door on a Sunday morning, to say nothing of pony-gigs and shandrydans.

"I was a very wonderful baby I am told, the first always is. Some I understand considered me too beautiful to live. . . . Time has ungratefully taken the beauty away from me. It was of nearer importance to my mother, at least, that I screamed so much during the first three months that she began to doubt whether I was really any addition to her happiness. I was named Mary Elizabeth after my maternal grandmamma and eldest aunt. . . . Papa became very proud of me as I grew old enough for him to play with, and people say he spoilt me, which I think not unlikely. Emma was born eighteen months later. Then came a little boy who died even before he was named. . . . I do not think my memory is very retentive of the Past; my early days are quite a blank. I remember the visitation of the cholera, how solemn it was day after day to hear Papa tell when he came home of the fresh deaths and to wonder who would be the next taken. One Sunday afternoon it was sultry and still, and Papa and Mamma opened the street door and I stood beside them in the shade and a strange awe came over me. I fancied the air full of invisible cholera, surrounding us all and bowing one every here and there to the grave—and perhaps the viewless hand might be laid on my little head next, and how should a child bear up under its weight? Never had Death seemed so near or so sure before. We had a gardener named John Graves, of infidel principles but kind to us children. He liked to tease us very much however. One day I picked some bright yellow flowers

and asked him the name; he replied gravely that they were called the *Cholera Morbus*, because they gave people who touched them the cholera. The flowers were the Coryopsis Dinctoria (*sic*), favourites of his; I suppose he did not want them gathered and he cured us effectually. What an awe we retained of that flower. . . . I quite forget learning my letters but I remember learning to read the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew from Aunt Sophia when Mamma was out, as a surprise against her return, and the joy of reading it to Papa and Mamma on Sunday after dinner, when the dessert was generally carried into the pretty little drawing-room looking on to the garden."

[Here ends this fragment of the autobiography but there is a page of notes which were to be amplified into an account of her childhood. In these notes there is ample evidence of a childhood full of the healthy out-door occupations that children love and of the naturally fanciful mind of the child, early impressed by religious teaching and Bible lore and rendered more than naturally introspective by this same religious teaching applied to daily life. Here are some of the notes.]

"Playing in the old house; collecting feathers; dancing; swinging in the orchard; house-building; greenhouse; the field; losing ourselves in the fields without bonnets; riding round the village in the garden-carriage without anything on; playing at chapel and baptism; constructiveness developed; our gardens: fondness for flowers, slipping, budding, moving, watering. 'We can see where Mary's leaves off.' A new bit every year; caterpillars and silkworms; birds; ladybirds; our burying ground and pith coffins; walnut-shell boats; governesses: Miss Ansell, riotous behaviour, Miss Nicholls; going to Dorking; cowslips and violets and tall yellow lilies; snails on Boxhill; Brighton; Broadstairs; Ramsgate; books: *Child's Book of Soul, Fairchild Family, Heinrich Stilling,*

Silvio Pellico; childish speculations on the alphabet; mysterious feeling of the number three; odd and even numbers, used to think of them at nights when I could not sleep but lay awake watching the flickering lights of the rush candle on the wall; a case with round holes. Plans about books: 'when grown up, not marry like you, Mamma, but be a lady and live alone and write books.' First plan was a book about thought with its different synonyms. Another was a version of the Bible into modern English, to be called the Fashionable Bible. I wished others to love it, but feared that the antiquated and simple phraseology might disgust many. . . . . Another was a rhyming dictionary . . very romantic, very ambitious, and very absurd. Yet looking back on them now I can see in them the germ of that practicalness and longing for activity and usefulness which has since been much more the motive of my various enterprises than personal display. . . . Sunday evenings with Mamma; New Year's day; estimates of character: I put greediness as my chief fault, Emma put vanity. When I made another some years after and the warfare with my old original nature had in reality begun, I found *indolence* by far the most formidable foe I had to deal with. . . Finding texts; I don't remember much of looking at pictures."

[The autobiography was to have been divided into periods: I. The Child at home. II. The Schoolgirl. III. Self-cultivating and ascetic period. IV. Scepticism. V. Church questions. A fragment evidently belonging to III. remains.]

"I was at this time a vehemently earnest convert to teetotalism. It was through the persuasion of dear Sarah Wilson that I became so. Her father owned several mills in Nottinghamshire, and was therefore exactly in the position where it is useful that a master should set a

generous example of abstinence for the sake of the many who will follow it and whom he is thus in a position to reclaim. His family in this, as in all his other benevolent projects (and they were not few), sustained his example by their own. I remained faithful to my principle for eight years, from the age of fifteen to twenty-three, during which time I am not aware that I ever made a single convert or that my example was of the least weight in influencing anyone else to abstain. Having therefore given it a fair trial I abandoned this strict abstinence. I am not aware that my health suffered from it, indeed I was remarkably well and strong during the greater part of those years. But my dear parents exceeding disliked the practice of my refusing wine, as it often made me conspicuous in company and very likely ridiculous. This was only one of the many instances in which I neglected a duty close to me (that of submitting to and pleasing my parents) for an uncertain benefit to others far more remote. The only good effects that I know of were these. My refusing to take wine with a gentleman was once the cause of preventing an offer of marriage, which it would have given me much pain to receive. Also my self-command was much fortified by the habit of denial, which required occasionally a painful effort, as when in company I must draw all eyes on me by singularity, or when I was over-fatigued, etc.

"While on this subject I will mention another instance of self-denial, which also had a powerful effect in fortifying my powers of endurance. There was in me at this time somewhat of the Roman character. I laughed at and despised weakness, self-indulgence and luxury, and longed to brace my nature up to the masculine hardihood which I admired. During the last year of my school life, therefore, I practised a rigorous system of self-denial, living like a *religieuse*, minus the religion. I limited myself to the smallest amount of food on which I could live and at the same time increased my self-imposed tasks and abridged my sleep. I

was a very healthy, hearty girl but I took only one half slice of bread and butter at breakfast, and whenever weariness had made me sleep beyond my accustomed early hour of rising I either deprived myself of this or else of my pudding. At dinner I was never helped more than once and sometimes by way of farther discipline I sent much away untasted that I perfectly craved to eat."

[As I had no means of knowing how Mary Marten was educated, nor who some of the friends were whom she mentions in letters, I asked Aunt Harriet for information, and she wrote as follows]:

"I do not think she went to any day school, but had a plain sort of nursery governess for some time at home after our mother's first early teaching. At ten years old she went to boarding school at Mrs. Payne's at Camberwell and there continued till I should think about sixteen. It was there she made the acquaintance of Sarah Wilson, afterwards Mrs. Kalley, now living at Edinburgh. She was a brilliant clever girl, like and yet unlike herself. There was a warm loving friendship between them though at one time I think a little misunderstanding, which led Mrs. Payne to say 'two suns cannot shine in one sphere.' There was an episode at one time of six months at a Brighton school, a Miss Abbott's, which I think gave to both your mother and Emma the first inclination towards the Church of England, though the former became afterward for a time a strong Dissenter. They finished their school-days at Miss Everett's at Clapham. I should have said her influence was the stronger over your aunt Emma, who stayed there longer and made some friendship with Miss Everett, a sweet elderly Christian lady, rather an invalid. I think your mother had a greater love for Mrs. Payne, who was a charming, warm-hearted, clever woman, much admired by her pupils. Mrs. Reed was an old lady, a friend and contemporary of *our* mother, the wife of Dr. Andrew Reed, founder of Reedham Orphanage and other

institutions. She was very fond of your mother but it was a friendship between old and young. Those 'religious difficulties' to which you allude may have been instigated by some of these friends, but I think it was the influence of Bessie Rundle (Mrs. Charles) which chiefly dispelled them. . . . The acquaintance [with Bessie Rundle (Mrs. Charles)] began as related in Mrs. Charles's *Seven Homes*, through a little essay society of young ladies, started by your mother, called the 'Mutual Improvement Society.' Miss Rundle, who lived in Devonshire, was introduced as a corresponding member by Mrs. Parson, a mutual friend, and as your mother was secretary to the society, they came first into official, and then into private correspondence, and became warm friends before they personally met. Afterwards they exchanged long visits at each others' homes. Bessie Rundle was a warm glowing saintly soul from the time we first knew her, and did much to confirm your mother's mind both as a Christian and a Churchwoman."

Extracts from letters written by CHARLES MARTEN *to his daughter* MARY *in childhood and youth.*

1835, PLAISTOW.
[*She was then* 9.]

My Dear Little Daughter,

The letters you sent us by Grandmamma pleased us much. We were glad to find you were improving in health and spirits, and that you were reaping the benefits we desired in sending you to the seaside. Aunt Sarah returned home from Dover this evening; she came up by coach and had an accident, through a vicious horse, which alarmed and delayed them. Her first observation to me

was "Oh, Charles, railway trains for safe travelling." She might add for pleasant travelling also, for she had a tedious journey down to Brighton, from thence to Hastings and Dover and again to London. Ladies would feel the journey to Brighton by railway a mere nothing; instead of being boxed up for hours in a small coach and jolted by rough roads and frightened by vicious horses, they will sit in arm chairs well padded, with plenty of room to move about and change their position—no fear of engines kicking or showing ill-temper—the motion so easy that they may work if they like, and then in two hours instead of six they are at their journey's end. The lightest postchaise with four or four dozen of the fleetest horses could never accomplish this speed, and if anything near it were attained it would be at risk of life and limb, let alone the terrors the nerves would be tried with. Gentlemen will be able when staying with their families at Brighton to go to London and transact their business and return in the interval between breakfast and dinner without a feeling of fatigue, so that it will hardly be known whether they are gone for a stroll about the town, or to Hove or Rottendean; and the ladies may go up to town for a little bit of shopping without the inhabitants of the nursery missing them; but a truce to this, you must be convinced of the superiority of railways. I am proposing the trial of them next month by a journey to Lancashire on business. Grandpapa is much the same as when you last heard, very feeble, but not suffering more from disease. . . . As it is very late, I will only assure you of the continued affection of Mamma as well as of your own affectionate Papa,

CHAS. MARTEN.

To Miss Mary E. Marten *and* Miss Emma M. Marten
at Plaistow.

Liverpool,
Friday, 18th September, 1835.

My Very Dear Little Girls,

You will be pleased to hear that I arrived safely in Liverpool and have given Mamma your two letters. . . . Mamma hopes you are enjoying yourselves at home now with Grandmamma and Aunt Charlotte. Remember the best way to be happy is to strive to be good; good children are always happy, nothing makes children so unhappy as being naughty. Always endeavour to be properly employed, time passes so much more pleasantly when you are busy; you will remember the hymn says "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Sometimes you feel idle and stretch yourselves about and say, "Oh what shall I do, I do not know what to do"; this often leads to your doing something that you should not do and then you feel naughty and unhappy. . . . . But I daresay you will like to hear a little about Mamma and me. Just about the time you were going to bed last Tuesday evening I set out on the outside of the Manchester coach called the Royal Bruce. It soon began to rain and it continued to rain for three or four hours, but I had my large blue cloak on and my blue cap, so that I was well covered and did not get the least wet. When the rain ceased about twelve o'clock it became very fine for the rest of the night but very cold; however, I did not mind as I was well clothed. I arrived at Leicester, which is nearly a hundred miles from London, about seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, just about the time you were getting up, and I assure you I was very glad to sit down to a good breakfast. . .

We next went to Derby . . from Derby we went through Belper, Matlock, Bakewell to Buxton; this is a most beautiful ride, all through a valley with hills on each side, and a rushing stream that we had on one side or the other all the way, for we frequently crossed it. You know rivers generally rise among hills and increase as they (get) to the plains until they finally reach some larger river or the sea. This river was of a size to be useful at Derby; boats and barges were floated by it as well as motion given to some water-mills. We traced its course as we ascended the valley down which it flows, it became less and less until at Buxton it was so small that we could have easily stepped across it. From Buxton I went to Manchester, where Uncle John* met me and took me to the railway that goes to Liverpool; here I got into a coach which was one of a train of a good many more, with a steam-engine carriage before to draw all the other carriages, which must have contained upwards of 160 passengers, and they went sometimes so fast that they went a mile in two-and-a-half minutes, which is at the rate of twenty-four miles in an hour; this is not so fast as the earth travels round the sun, but it is very fast to travel on the earth. I arrived at Liverpool at about seven o'clock. . . Pray give our love to Grandmamma and thank her for the care she takes of you and also Aunt Charlotte. We very very often think of you and talk about you; we hope that although our eyes are not upon you, you will remember the eye of Him Who never sleepeth and slumbereth is always upon you; we feel happy in the idea that He cares for us and for you and we trust to His good Providence to take care of you while we are out and to bring us in safety to you shortly. . . . . Be assured, my dear little girls, of the affection of Mamma and Papa.

CHAS. MARTEN.

[I am obliged to punctuate these letters—there is scarcely

* Mr. John Watson, our great-uncle.

a stop in them anywhere; frequently a slight gap is left between words when one would expect a comma, semi-colon or even full stop.]

PLAISTOW,

6th June, 1836.

My Very Dear Little Mary,

I have now two letters to answer from you, . . . I like you to be free in expressing all your thoughts and feelings in writing to your parents who are your best friends, and I am pleased with the improvement in your handwriting in your last. Be assured we shall receive you home with great pleasure, and I trust you will always look to home with the most pleasurable feelings. You will see what progress the new garden has made, and the new summer house, and many new flowers. You will herewith receive several letters as tokens of remembrance of your birthday; this period, my dear child, is a very important one to you. . . .

How very suitable to your circumstances is that hymn which you will know:

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> Which on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in these Christian days
> A happy English child."

You can with a thankful heart, I hope, apply every line, every word, to yourself on your birthday. You might have been born a little heathen savage, exposed to all the miseries and ill-treatment which missionaries relate.

PLAISTOW,

15th February, 1842.

"And so I must write too, my dear Mary, whether I have anything to say or not. . . . Mary, I did not write to the *Times*, I thought that just now the nation was so excited with the question of the Corn Laws, the teething of the Princess Royal, the prospect of new taxes, and the Queen's visit to Brighton, that if the dreadful neglect of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General in the non-delivery of Emma's letter to you were superadded, the national phrensy would reach to such a higth (*sic*) that it would be uncontrollable. . . . But a truce to nonsense. Remember, dear Mary, that this is one of the most important and critical years of your life. You have now entered upon the finishing course of instruction so far as school is concerned." . . .

TO MARY *and* EMMA, *staying at Liverpool.*

11th June, 1846.

My Dear Girls,

This note will at any rate serve to show you that I am not at Ascot to-day, witnessing the gold cup being run for. As we have not heard anything decisive of your movements, I thought you might wish to know more of our minds. In the first place, as you, Mary, are now a woman, you can determine for yourself and advise Emma as to your course of proceeding without having every move chalked out for you; presuming you leave Liverpool for

Manchester the end of this week I suppose you will balance between the attractions of the Manchester missionary meetings and the various sights of this great cotton spinning and weaving town, and home and the school opening of the 22nd. Now we wish you to please yourselves . . on the one hand there are the meetings, . . . on the other hand you may find a smaller quantity of visit more agreeable than a long sojourn. . . Come when you will, the sooner the better. . . . Do as you like, feel quite free; if you prefer coming home and want a good excuse say so, and I will send a prompt and positive recall.

LONDON,

7th September, 1847.

My Dearest Mary,

After having written a long lot of letters to the masculine gender, I turn to refresh myself with a few lines to you. Pray do you expect categorical replies to all the propositions you sent for my consideration? I think I should be obliged to write a treatise were I to attempt the task; . . . they would require careful perusal and much consideration ere I take such a tough job in hand.

The main object seems to be to exalt the reasoning faculty above all other. Have not our reasoning powers suffered with all others the consequences of our corruption, may we not be in danger of the abuse instead of the proper use of these powers if we limit God's truth to what our reason can work out? Is God's truth to be as fluctuating as the narrow powers of different individuals would demonstrate it? It appears to me that God has spoken to us in a simple way what is necessary for man to know for his own salvation—I mean plain common-place everyday man,

not what merely superior thinkers can deduce. . . . . Revelation was given for man's guidance and was intended to lead the simple, not to puzzle us—but I cannot go on, my time runs away apace.

I presume Mamma will give you an account of her visit to Hackney yesterday. Upon thinking it over I am afraid that none of the schemes will quite meet your wishes. All seem to be more or less schools for elder girls to go on with their studies rather beyond what they did on leaving the schoolroom. Could we meet with some young ladies of your own age and acquirements to form a class with the instruction of a first-rate professor you would meet with what I presume you wish. There seems to be a rawness about the Institution at Hackney. However should you like to try for the half session you shall be welcome, but not so welcome as when you return home again. . . .

LONDON,

29th January, 1848.

My Dearest Mary,

I have no time to commune with you on paper, being engaged at my desk writing business letters while my partner is as busy at his in the like occupation. My present object is to request you will not let the week pass without finding your way home [she is again with the Wilsons], you are really wanted much. Mamma is poorly, Emma much out of health and I think dull for want of her cheerful sister, and on all accounts it is best you should not be from home.

Before giving a letter written to her sister Emma, always her intimate friend, illustrating her home life after emancipation from school, we may pause to consider the influences under which she had developed and the character which circumstances were now to play upon. She was the eldest of her family, and being gifted with a keen intelligence and having associated with a serious-minded thoughtful father, she had shown considerable precocity. She had a quick, ardent, enthusiastic disposition and a mind full of curiosity and desire for knowledge, and for the exercise and development of its own power; and her mind, owing to its early training in moral and religious as well as intellectual subjects, was in advance of her experience and opportunities. Further, her thoughts had been directed at school to subjects which involve some study of mental philosophy and a great deal of introspection. Abundant remaining school exercises prove this. Here are some of their titles: "The true claims and limits of moral philosophy in connection with a knowledge of revealed religion"; "Upon the first class of emotive phenomena, natural and artificial appetency"; "On the sensitivities and cheerfulness"; "On the malevolent passions, anger, grief, fear, etc., as conservative, benevolent and indispensable to the highest excellence"; and there are many others of similar tendency.

Such was the girl who, leaving school at the age of seventeen, came to a quiet affectionate home in a small suburb, whose members moved in a narrow dissenting circle. She had no particular duties beyond those of eldest sister to three younger girls and three younger boys and eldest daughter to an active mother.

Letter to her sister EMMA.

HOME,

August or September, 1845.

Dearest Emma,

Again I date from this good old place, after enjoying an evening of quietness and other creature comforts by no means to be despised even by great philosophers like us. My last act has been to settle my accounts for Papa's *visé* to-morrow, and I have the pleasure of informing you that they have come right *plus* one halfpenny! This triumph of genius (or rather of assiduity over innate stupidity) I am obliged to record that you may see how the organ of Domestic Economy has been lately developing itself, an improvement in my character in which I am sure you will sympathise. . . . I believe I told you I had invited Ellen Foster; she enjoyed herself very much and I have to-day returned her to her Papa rather rosier than when I received her. I paid my farewell visit to Dr. Moore to-day and took him a painting of the Castle of Falkenstein, with which he seemed much pleased.

As I am now succeeding so much better in painting, I hope to ask Aunt Priestley soon to accept a pair of Swiss views, for which she will perhaps be able to find a corner somewhere in the house *that is to be*, and they will remind her of those beautiful scenes of the earth which, alas, one can so seldom see!—But they, like other good schemes, are at present only *in posse*. . . . I have been reading *Rose, Blanche and Violet*, rather a clever novel by Mr. Lewes (whom you know I once met), only almost all the tales I have read lately are full of the aberrations of the hearts of married women from their husbands, an incident of which I by no

means approve. And oh my dear Emma, out of a curiosity which I fear was by no means laudable, I have read Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris!* No words can describe its horrors. It is not a love-story—at least love is not its chief interest—but a *crime-story*—full of the most awful violence and hair-breadth escapes, and also some bright examples of goodness and graceful virtue for a contrast. I could not read it all, but I now well understand what William Pugh meant by comparing such books to police reports. . . . I have opened your letter intended for the family at large, and am rejoiced to think of seeing you again in a fortnight. . . . I feel, like you, a kind of wonder what work there is for us to do in life and whether there will be ever open to us a less restricted sphere than this. My summer campaign is now over and yours nearly—it has not been eventless. Now what has winter in its pod? I do not look forward without dread to a resumption of a life we are so tired of. But He who has given us this lot can make us happy in it—or at least in Himself—and "when *He* giveth quietness, who can bring trouble?"

Extracts from her account of the year 1845.

"On the 10th of January I went to Nottingham with dear Mr. Wilson. I learnt much there and came home with many new ideas, both practical and otherwise. . . . . Then began that melancholy time . . . my heart was in a state of excitement on religious points, certainly unnatural, but whether excessive I cannot determine . . . there was evidently to others nothing genial nor attractive but rather a gloom. . . . I loved nothing so much as reading my Bible, Adam's *Private Thoughts* and a few such books alone in Papa's little room; going among the poor, and nothing so little as amusements and trifling of

every kind*. . . . What roused me most effectually was the preparation for the Juvenile Missionary meeting, which fell entirely on me. . . . The idea of the little book [*The Three Kingdoms*] came into my head one Sunday evening early in May. . . . I began to write it at the London Missionary meeting to while away the tedium of a particularly dull speech. Another work connected with the Missionary Society was the sending out of the box to Mr. Livingstone at Mabotsa. . . . I finished the transcription of my book about the middle of July. After I came home I commenced a vigorous course of reading . . . Two events important to me will close this record. One is a conversation with dear Mrs. Payne, in which she warned me of living an austere, rigid, solitary hermit life, and another with dear Mrs. Reed, which I shall never forget. Emma and I have begun to act on the plan she proposed. I find I have forgotton the proposal of the editorship of the *Repository* which moved me so strongly. It is well however that I did not accept it."

Mr. Reed, in a letter complimenting her on her missionary meeting, says it was "a perfect model" and her "tact and management in arranging and carrying it out beyond all praise."

The publication of her little book, *The Three Kingdoms*, an allegory of Christianity for children, took place in January 1846. It was published by John Snow of 35 Paternoster Row. A letter from him, dated 8th November 1845 exists, as follows :

"Dear Madam,

"I have the pleasure of sending you the first proof of *The Three Kingdoms* and think from the interesting matter contained in the sheet and also in the copy that you should not print less than 1,000 copies. If you are not

* It was at this time that I formed the class of poor ignorant boys and girls, in which I took much delight.

disposed to take the risk of printing so many I should be most happy to do so and divide the profits with you. In the meantime if you agree to this proposition I think I should venture still further and print a larger number."

Another letter from Mr. Snow, January 21st 1846 announces the publication.

"Madam,

"The little work, *Three Kingdoms*, is at length complete and I hope this afternoon to send you twenty-five copies to Finch Lane, which I trust will reach you this evening. I have made the selling price three shillings, which is too low in a business point of view but knowing your object is usefulness rather than pecuniary gain I thought you would not object to it. I trust the appearance will meet your approval, etc."

The hopeful anticipation of Mr. Snow on the subject of profits were not fulfilled, for in August 1851, after Mr. Marten's death, he presents an account of the book up to date which shows a balance on the wrong side of £46 6*s*. 9*d*.; 1,500 copies had been printed, at a cost including advertisement of £87 5*s*. 6*d*. and only "409 as 393" sold, at a discount which reduces the price to 2*s*. 1*d*.; the total earnings are £40 18*s*. 9*d*.

There remain several congratulatory letters, and a few copies of reviews in religious periodicals. The principal letters are from Dr. Moore, Miss Everett, Dr. James Miller, and her aunt, Miss Sarah Marten. The reviews are from the *Evangelical*, which calls it "an interesting and ingenious essay" and says it is "highly gratifying to find a production of so intellectual a character from the pen of a Sunday-school teacher. . . . The plan of the work indicates no small share of philosophical skill and penetration." The *British Mother's Magazine* says that "an elegant imagination hangs like a *Camera obscura* over the whole book"! The *Missionary Repository* and *Wesleyan Maga-*

zine praise it. There are many private letters and comments but only one from Mr. James Miller, evidently one of her former instructors, shall be quoted.

66, Broughton Street, Edinburgh.

"To-day, my dear Miss Mary, I have received both your very welcome letter and valued publication. It would be doing violence to my own feelings were I to delay a post some expression of the pleasure which I have received. I cannot indeed attempt to tell you how much I have been gratified by the assurance which you give of your grateful recollections. I did not indeed need a printed proof of your high intellect and moral boldness, for I had estimated your character too accurately to have any doubt, but I am most thankfully happy to find the direction which your gifted mind has taken; and while I gladly receive gratifying avowal that had I not opened to you the beautiful region of moral philosophy your book had never been written, I am also anxious to believe that I had my share of instrumentality in leading your speculative and chivalrous spirit into a deep deference to divine truth in inseparable connection with moral science." He then praises her "felicitous and ready profusion of natural imagery," her "successful simplicity of diction and adaptation," and is gratified that his former pupil is consecrating her talents to teaching the young, etc., etc.

It must have been later in this same year, the very year in which she published this religious work, that she began to examine and doubt her former religious beliefs and went in consequence through a crisis so common to thoughtful young people. This will be the best place briefly to touch upon it. The earliest indication in point of date of this state of her mind is in a letter from Miss Everett, her former school-mistress, evidently a woman of

much sense and knowledge of girl nature, of January 9th 1847; she says she has waited to answer her last letter until she has seen Mr. Binney and requested him to help her young friend (whom she does not name) with his counsel. She goes on: "It would be very encouraging to you to see how thoroughly such a mind as Mr. B.'s can enter into every shade of feeling, even the darkest, and how satisfied he is that much of what you have suffered is the result of simple reaction, to be accounted for on physical and physiological principles—the amount of religious knowledge and emotion at fourteen, in other words religious precocity, leading like all other precocity to an inevitable collapse at twenty. He did not say much in the way of advice, for in fact he said it was necessary to have the patient herself before him to enable him to administer with much hope of effect; but his enlarged way of looking at every subject, his candour towards every shade of religious opinion where there is a conscientious struggle after virtue, and his full comprehension of all that repels in our scheme of Christian doctrine, qualify him beyond all other for your adviser and friend. . . . The summing up of evidence that such a being as the Great Intelligence, the Father Spirit, must be benignant I should like to give but I must hasten to tell you that the book he recommends you to read is Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. It does not treat particularly of those points that have troubled you but he says it cannot fail to occupy and fill your thoughts. . . . Perhaps you will think I have not told him the darkest part of all, the inertness, the obliquity of the will, the moral part of the disease, but I could not consult him as a physician without telling all I knew, and though this excited the most painful and deepest sympathy it led to a repetition of the opinion respecting reaction and did not abate his hopeful, cheerful anticipation of the future . . . but, dear Mary, you must see him for yourself and he will tell you all, and much more than I know." She

continues with her own confident anticipations of Mary's return to her former peace.

In a letter to Miss Everett, January 25th 1847, Mr. Binney says he is willing to see her young friend, "though I know not that I can be of much service to her. There are many things in the popular views of Christians with which I myself have very little sympathy, and which I do not wonder at thoughtful and accomplished young people taking the liberty of doubting or rejecting," etc.

Well, there was a good deal of secrecy maintained, but at last an interview was brought about between our mother and Mr. Binney in his vestry. He was a minister of Weigh House Chapel, E., 1829-69 (*Dict. Biog.*). He had known her from childhood and was much surprised when he discovered her identity. She had interviews with him of which she afterwards wrote full accounts; she also wrote him letters of which she has kept copies. In her first letter to him she says her doubts first arose from the sudden question: "whence all the different opinions and religions that divide the world? why do I take it for granted that the one I was born into is right?" She complains that last year she cared for nothing but religion, read little but the Bible and often longed and prayed to die; then she began to doubt. Now she cares for no one and only wants study and seclusion, is an iceberg to those at home and often feels repugnance where she should feel love. She now believes that she is quitting a religion the grounds of which do not satisfy her intellect but which she believes to be the only alternative to complete scepticism. Her coldness and revolt from authority she believes to be the result of scepticism. Mr. Binney agrees that they are, but directs her attention to practice not theory, begs her to try to be as beautiful a character as possible and does not tell her that doubting is wicked. Here are some of the points in the system of religion called Christian which especially vex her: she wants to know what Jesus is—what is she to think of Him?

"I wish I could be a Unitarian. I could love God so much more and Jesus too if he were human than if he be an anomalous kind of thing." Is it necessary to have a creed? If so, why should God leave things uncertain? Strange that men can be saved from a state of moral badness by believing some doctrines. What is the Bible if not inspired? Did God always care that men should believe only one creed? If not, why fuss about creeds? She had also been reading Berkeley's philosophy and had the fear that God was a mere notion of our intellect not corresponding to any reality outside—and indeed she did not know how to reply to the universal scepticism suggested by the idealistic philosophy—namely, that we cannot be certain of anything except the impressions of our own senses. She swam in a sea of doubt: her intellect was acute, but she lacked the wholesome outlet of converse with equal minds equally interested in the search for truth but unbiassed by a belief in a supernatural religion. Hence she was self-absorbed, cold to her former pursuits, "could not help sometimes saying startling things at home."

Mr. Binney met her in a kindly sympathetic manner, argued with her as an equal, conjured her as a father to be good and loving and kind, set before her a picture of what a girl at her age should be—"pure, lovely, innocent, diffusing light and happiness all round." He begs her to pray and read the Bible, and instead of treating her objections to Christianity as a matter of interpretation, he treats them as if they implied that Christ and all who helped to further Christianity must be impostors if it be not true. She replies by saying that "gentle, loving, innocent, trusting beings are very beautiful in poetry and in the world too—but I want to be strong, etc.—am only half a woman, if that." She admits that her state of mind has made her selfish; "I have been most ungenial and have longed for distinction and cared for nothing but study—

that I might prosecute that, I have felt (and feel) willing to renounce home and friends—and many are the wild schemes I have made for exiling myself to get seclusion. . . ." It is a pity there was no Newnham in those days. There she would have found wholesome food for her mind, converse with other minds as keen and candid as her own, and her natural desire after truth and wisdom would not have seemed half criminal. After a time study would have taken its proper rank as only a part of life. As it was she promised she would put her books away and try to be good. Mr. Binney has not told her that her love of reasoning and reading is *pride* of intellect, he says he does not take that view, but he has dwelt on its evil effects on her heart. These quotations are dated April 1847. In June she says she is now able to pray again—in a limited sense; she is certainly feeling calmer, but is still unable to "have opinions about anything." "Then *don't* have opinions," says Mr. Binney; "be good and lovely, do God's will."

It is much more difficult to follow the steps by which she returned to settled religious belief than those by which she quitted it. It was inevitable that she should return —all the influences around her urged her in that direction —all her family and friends and her own craving; had any other more scientific form of belief been presented to her, such as is held now by many, a belief without supernaturalism, very likely she would have grasped at it; but this was not so. On the whole the Christian orthodox doctrines do not seem in themselves to have been repugnant to her—all she wanted was to have reasonable grounds for holding them. Philosophy was her mainstay; geology had helped to loosen her belief in the inspired books, but evolution had not yet come to revolutionise people's ideas of human nature. She seems to have gone on thinking over the philosophical proofs of the real existence of God. The papers that remain show acute penetration and incisive logic: and at last she seems to have come to the

conclusion that it is not right to regard the idea of God as merely subjective, for "we find in our notion not merely this idea (the idea of God) but also a conviction of His existence. It is less the representation of a possible Being than the intuition of an actual Being. The proposition has a verb; it is not merely a great noun, followed by adjectives; —'God IS so and so.' If God is a chimæra then all our knowledge is baseless; but we cannot think this. . . ."

On October 10th 1847 she writes a paper headed "A question sent to Mr. Ritchie," and quotes first from a letter of her own to Miss Ritchie. "It was a painful one once when I believed in scarcely anything and knew not whether the blessed belief in God was going to follow those other also beloved faiths that had fled from my heart before . . . [referring to the fear that God was a result ground out by the mind] . . . I need not say I do not now feel this difficulty, for when the real Living God speaks to the heart we need no other proof of His existence than His Presence, and have occasionally thought of solutions more or less imperfect."

I should like to quote the "question" because it shows what her acquaintance with philosophy is and how readily and fluently she uses its language.

"How do we know that our reason works out infallibly true results on matters lying without us? All our knowledge is confined to sensations which are our own and to constructions which the various mental powers put upon them. We *know* nothing but sensations. Out of sensations we elaborate notions. Is the process infallible? Individuals, we know, fall into individual errors; it is not of this liability I am speaking. Might not notions, the necessary products of our reasoning apparatus and therefore universal, the common property of the race, be yet mere notions, inseparable from human nature yet not intrinsically true? Have we a right to attribute objective Reality to what is nothing but a result of a subjective process? For 'that we have the

notion of God' and that 'there is a God,' are by no means identical propositions. We are entrenched within the limits of our own consciousness; we cannot transcend these bounds, we have no organ by which to apprehend subjective truths, even if we allow that there may be such truth. Reason is competent to test the validity of its own conclusions, to decide whether they are logical or not; but when it assumes beings and facts to exist in the 'Not-me' corresponding with results of ratiocination in the 'Me' does it not step out of its proper sphere? The only comfort anyone holding such views can receive is that all knowledge stands on an equally precarious basis; that the heart need not part with the notion of God any more than with any other notion, since all sink from certainty in *proportion;* the levels remain the same. But we long for certainty, even while with our own hands demolishing all belief in its possibility."

There is also a little paper dated 3/10/47 in which she writes of "having suffered and sinned so much" and of "that long time of estrangement from God" as past. And in her account of the year 1847, she says: "Thank God! I stand on a basis of positive truth, and though many things (Church creeds and institutions) are still uncertain, I know enough to make my spirit joyfully walk with God. *God* has done it by showing my inmost soul the beauty and reasonableness of Christianity. . . . ."

It must not however be supposed that the year 1847 was entirely occupied with these religious and moral struggles. Probably our mother seemed to her family and friends far less gloomy and cold than her tender conscience would have us believe. At all events the few letters that remain from that year are cheerful and gay. There is nothing earlier than the summer, when on a visit to Cromer she writes accounts of her doings to Emma. But there is a short account of the year 1847, written on New Year's Day

1848, as follows: "This year has seen much. The Mutual Improvement Society formed, and it has flourished well and been of great use to me; all my intercourse with Mr. Binney; my introduction to a correspondence with dearest Bessie—ripened gradually into a close and blessed friendship [this is Bessie Rundle, afterwards Mrs. Charles, the authoress of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*, etc.]; my lessons from Dr. Ferguson in Latin and afterwards in Greek; then the holidays; Eleanor Ingle's visit; my twenty-first birthday and dear Sarah's pleasant visit; Emilia Wyndham, Pauline; Mr. Fox's fête; then Cromer, and intercourse with Bessie and Mrs. Reed and the Hurndalls and Robarts's; then Maundsley with dear Mrs. Reed and the happy awakening to love and hope and faith—oh what a recovery of the heart! Then home for a little while; Mr. Waite's visit; then Hackney to the Stallybrasses, where that letter from Mr. T. came, and where I made the acquaintance of Clara Capper and William and John Stallybrass, and Mr. Bass and Sarah Stallybrass, and when I read at the London Institution; and then home. . . ."

It appears from this same private paper that she has studied much, for she says that in the year 1847 she has gained all her knowledge of Greek and most of Latin and German, and has learned perspective and improved a little in music; she feels more intellectual power; in the original Greek she has nearly read the New Testament. For the next year she is hoping to improve in Greek, Latin, German and Italian, perspective and music, science, geology and history.

Her letters from Cromer to her sister Emma (August and September 1847) are full of life and movement, girlish fun, sentiment, thought and amusing comments on the foibles of the people she meets. I will quote bits from three letters dated August 7th, 16th and 30th.

"On Thursday evening Mr. Rogers came [later she calls him Uncle Rogers]. . . He was very pleasant and really

relation-like. . . His conversation was infinitely amusing —full of wit and the oddest little stories and mimicries. . . I had a long talk with him late in the garden, a serious one, in which he was so very different. It was on the education of women chiefly. He did not quite agree with all my ideas, but he spoke very beautifully on the position and nature of women, and all his conversation was so coloured with real respect to them (so different from Mr. Curwen's despicable despite) that I felt inclined to be influenced. As you have access to all the *Edinboro's*, look in October '39 for an article on Bosworth's Lexicon. It was the first he ever wrote, he told me, and contains some information on the powers and value, etc., etc., of the English language which will not be found elsewhere. I wish I could get to see it. . . . On Friday Papa went to vote at Stratford; then we started. He had got the mail train to stop at Stratford a-purpose for us, at which Mr. Curwen turned up the whites of his eyes and seemed to think it highly amazing and improper. [*N.B.*—Mr. Curwen is the minister at Plaistow—doesn't seem to be a favourite]. . . Stratford was very gay with orange colours. Charley sported a bow and I had a big bunch of nasturtiums. Dear little baby [Anna] was very good and pleased in the train. . . . She behaved as cheerfully and meekly under the fatigue of the journey as an 'early Christian' did under his persecutions. . . . Arrived at Norwich. . . We found the inside of the Cromer Coach full, so the creatures and Charley and I perched ourselves on the outside of the coach. I was glad I did, for a young mother with two crying babes got up too—disappointed and crying herself—and I believe I prevented her from grumbling and fretting all the way, and persuaded her to be hopeful and trustful and cheerful, if I did no other good that day. It was a long ride and bitterly cold. We arrived at the Hotel de Paris between eight and nine o'clock. Bessie Reed soon came in and after tea we sallied forth for a walk in the

dark in this funny rustic little town. I amused myself with stealing stealthily up to the windows and giving three raps, hoping to hear the town rife with ghost stories to-day, but none have come out. This morning we all again set forth . . . in quest of lodgings. We trailed about in the sunshine wearily, drearily, homelessly, till at length we settled on this, the first we looked at. . . . I send you three papers: . . . my character by Mr. Slater from handwriting, which please return ; Friday's poll, Sir E. N. B. forty-five behind; a letter from Bessie Rundle, and you must be sure to send me any interesting letter that you receive.

"Your very affectionate sister.

"Though I don't *answer* your account about Belper I am thirsting for all particulars—and obliged for what came."

August 16*th*.—"I do hope you are really happy at Belper, gaining experience of men and manners. . . . On Monday Charley and I went out a long ride over some beautiful hills, for the country around is *really* beautiful. The ponies are very good. . . . Mrs. Reed and the Hirndells arrived on Wednesday. . . . We see them several times a day. I also am a great deal with Bessie and E. Etheridge . . . I am telling them Pauline! I am surprised to find, for I never tried before, that I really *can* tell a story. . . . I have the first volume of Miss Barrett's poems, and *The Old English Baron* . . . but there is so much less time for reading than I expected . . . perhaps just as I have sat quietly down Mr. Hirndell will put his face in at the window—or one of the sisterhood tap meekly at the door. Mr. H. is all agog every hour to be out; he has his horse and chaise here. . . . Dear Mrs. Reed is here, much the same as usual in health but *very* little lower than the angels in sweetness. I had a long conversation with her on Thursday afternoon alone.

No one in the world seems to understand me so well or to care so much to help me through difficulties of all sorts as she. She often says she loves me very much—and I really believe it and that I remind her of her own youth. I know I love and reverence her very much and wish that my age and maturity may be something like hers. She is such an earnest reasonable Christian. . . Mrs. Reed thinks of staying out a little longer and wants me to remain with her ; of course I should like it and I know it would do me good—perhaps I shall. . . . Yesterday we went to a children's service. . . . Certainly I never did hear children so spoken to, not excepting Mr. Curwen, though he is very clever. . . . I am glad you have sketched the house; I have taken one sketch, the view from Miss Robarts' bedroom window. I was there all Saturday morning doing it and Emma was . . . talking about Sunday Schools and scolding me for not having a class, while Mary set upon me for not liking or studying the prophecies quite so well as the rest of the Bible. . . ."

August 30th.—". . . Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Hirndell and I go to Mundsley to-morrow afternoon [Mundsley is in Norfolk]. I am rather sorry Mrs. H. is going, for though good and amiable she is very commonplace and a great fidget. But yet it would be rather awful to be alone with Mrs. Reed constantly for a whole fortnight. . . . All the churches are in ruins round about, out of a dozen or twenty I have not seen one whole. . . I have written a long 'Legend of Cromer' which I read aloud to them on Saturday night. I have read an interesting number of the *Biblical Review* . . . containing an article on Comparative Grammar. . . . I am reading *Old Mortality* . . . a good picture of the 'strugglous' times of the Covenanters. The only thing I find fault with is the ineffably ludicrous view Sir. W. S. takes of these worthies."

Mundsley, September 7th.—In this letter she gives an account of how she spends her days with Mrs. Reed, read-

ing the Bible, writing letters, walking, driving, riding. "If I drive out with Mrs. R. I *must* walk to warm myself, it is so cold." Dinner at two. "After dinner we are reading Schegel's *Philosophy of History* together—your favourite book—I do like it extremely. . . . Last Sunday evening I read Dr. Chalmers' 'Expulsive Power of a New Affection' to Mrs. Reed—you know it? Oh! she is *such* a friend. I did not mean, dearest Emma, to give you a bitter feeling. *Indeed* you have no cause for it. . . . I have had a long letter from Mr. Livingstone *at last*." . . . [This letter exists, or at all events *a* long letter from him exists, relating to her missionary society. She never actually saw him.]

It was at about this time that my mother had told her parents of her desire to attend some place of education corresponding to a men's university (see p. 53, letter from her father) and this subject is mentioned in a letter from her mother to her, September 16th 1847, Plaistow. After describing a visit to George and Arthur at school at Mr. Payne's at Leatherhead, she says: "I had a nice little chat with Mrs. Payne alone. She knew of your desire to have more assistance in study; so I talked a little about the Hackney Institute. She knows Mrs. Stallybrass by character and thinks her sensible, pious and well-informed. Mrs. Payne says she (Mrs. S.) is an excellent historian, that she has studied history deeply. I think I have heard you say you wished to go on with that study. . . . You know, dearest Mary, I shall be very glad to have you at home; but I would not wish to shorten your time with Mrs. Reed, whose friendship for you I so highly value, yet I think you will be glad of a fortnight at home. I get on very well I assure you and find plenty to occupy me. . . Dearest Mary, my heart overflows with love and gratitude on your account—if, as I hope, your mind is attaining a more firm and settled hold of the truth of the Scriptures.

This I cannot but believe from the calmer tone of your letters to be the case. . . ."

Her desire for learning causes her to seek advice in every likely quarter.

TORQUAY,

23rd December, 1847.

My Dear Miss Marten,

Do you know how very blue you are? And, knowing this, do you *really* desire another dip? Why, what will the world say? What! you don't care a rush for the world, don't you? Well, if that's it I sincerely congratulate you and will do my best to give you another thorough plunge, so here goes.

Having thoroughly mastered Euclid and Wood, with all Lund's Exercises, you are anxious to know something (and not a little it seems) of Nature's dealings in the olden time. The first book you should read is Ansted's *Description of the Ancient World*, then Philip's "Geology" in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, two volumes; then De la Beeche's *Theoretical Researches in Geology*, and if you are interested in the Geo-Theological question Dr. Pye-Smith's *Geology and the Bible* or Dr. Harris's *Pre-Adamite Earth*. . . . There is one book I have not mentioned, namely Nature's volume . . . you must study this volume, you really must provide yourself with hammer, chisels and leathern bag and collect specimens; ay, collect them *yourself*. I fancy I see you coming home of an evening bespattered with mud, laden with fossils and with cheeks like roses. I heartily wish success.

I am, your obedient servant,

WM. PAGELLY.

In the life of Lord Tennyson there is an account of a visit paid by him to Miss Rundle's uncle's house near Plymouth in 1848 [popular edition, p. 230]. He says: "I would rather stay with you bright girls than dine with Mr. W." One of the bright girls was Bessie Rundle, and the other (or *an*other) was Mary Marten. She has written an account of this meeting in a letter to her sister Emma.

FERRUM HILL,

August 1st.

" . . . Mr. Tennyson did not talk of his poems, and of course we did not ask. It *was very* pleasant to see and talk with him. I was not 'fascinated' by him and so felt quite natural and at ease and could retort his teasings. He had been talking of what he calls 'tremendous duty women'—people who think they have a 'mission' or an 'object' and push everybody about in an inconvenient way to find or discharge it, and are never in a state of dignified leisure—and all because I had said that a state of continual leisure without duties or claims was selfish and would be to me unhappy. He told of a clergyman's lady who was one of these 'energetic' women, and was 'always changing her religion,' sometimes being High, sometimes Low Church and contradicting in the parish what her husband preached in the church. I said I thought such a character and all characters without *rest* were neither useful nor beautiful, but that we ought to earn our repose. Mr. Gill thought I was leaving my own principles to speak of *beauty*, that I ought to care only for what was earnest and practical. I said I thought Pugin's architectural principle was as true in the building of a character as of a cathedral, to ornament whatever is useful but have nothing purely ornamental. Presently Mr. Tennyson, while picking some moss off a tree, quoted some Latin lines, containing the far-famed *utile et dulci*,* which I happened to under-

* No doubt "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci" (Horace).

stand, so he said, 'I really do think you are a learned lady—I am beginning to feel quite afraid of you.' I laughed and said I was not learned and was very sorry for it—that his terrors did not seem to embarrass him much. He said, 'It is not learning that spoils women. They *ought* to have knowledge—the more the better—but I hate pedantic women. I don't like the blue stocking—always worn—but I have no objection to your blue parasol.' 'We can at least see the sun through the blue parasol,' I said. That was a very good thing to hear the author of the 'Princess' say. I did not remember my dream till you reminded me."

This extract is from a long letter (four pages of foolscap closely written), part of which describes people, and part the stories which Bessie Rundle was writing—*Dora* and *Edith Brereton*. She also mentions that "Mrs. Rundle has tried but cannot get *Jane Eyre* here." In another letter written during the same visit she is much exercised about a ball that she wishes to attend. "There was a large dinner party and a moderate-sized dance at Harewood. The person I talked most with was Mr. Trelawney, the present M.P. for Tavistock. He is a pleasant, intelligent man and was very kind to me. He is a great yachter and has invited us all to go out with him on Monday and we are going. They wanted us also to go to a ball at Plymouth on the same evening, a charity ball I believe, and given too in honour of the Lords of the Admiralty. The Rundles have declined, but I think if Mrs. Trelawney would take me I could never have such a good opportunity again. I don't want to emulate St. Simon in becoming 'an epitome of human emotive experiences,' but Mrs. Rundle does not think it at all an unreasonable wish to go, and as I am a stranger here nothing is compromised by my going. However, I cannot tell till Monday whether I shall. . . .

"P.S.—Saturday evening. We do *not* go on Monday, and I am foolishly disappointed. Perhaps I may never

have another opportunity for going to a ball, and yet it might not have strengthened me."

Excepting the letters from Ferrum Hill there are no letters in her hand between 1847 and the engagement letters in 1851. There is a sketch of the year 1849, written as usual on the New Year's Day, dated January 1st 1850. In that year she began district visiting, held working parties, taught the two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ram (the rector and his wife). "We had our party with charades and a little dancing—a failure on the whole but I wanted to gain the point about dancing. I was reading *Modern Painters;* it worked quite a change in my mind. Then I gave myself much to painting. . . . It seemed to me a great thing to be an artist. I did improve, but, alas! in this too I have been fickle. . . . Grandpapa died. I wrote some verses on his death but have never yet had a death much afflict me. This too will come I suppose. . . . Miss Lea of the Lakes came. I hope if I am an old maid I shall not be like her. . . . Our picnic at Hampton Court and the little flirtation with a gentleman who ought to have known better; then the renewed affair with Mr. v. Hof. My strong, excited and romantic feeling made me try to love, to sacrifice myself, but it would not do. The first sight of him dispelled the illusion, and I am now thankful that it was so. I took such a strong fancy for everything German!" Then she studied Westminster Abbey, was busy about a bazaar, had plans for emigrants, went to the opera "with Mr. and Mrs. Browne of Highgate; the piece was Meyerbeer's 'Prophète'— no ballet—Viardot della Garcia, C. Hayes and Mario. I saw no particular harm in the opera, I confess." She visited Boulogne, where she made the acquaintance of the Layards, and Paris—"our delightful visit to Paris" she calls it; paid several visits in England, at one of which she learned many games of cards, including whist, "really a fine game,"—"a few new lights too on chess and heraldry, which latter I have pursued. When I came home

I felt very dull, I could scarcely rise above my depression. It was that I wanted to love someone." Paid a visit to Liverpool which she enjoyed. "Came home to a large Christmas party. Nervous maladies have begun to show themselves, something tells me my health will fail." Her plans for 1850 include improving in music, particularly in the science of it; in painting from nature and heraldic painting. "I wish to paint a pack of cards for the Queen. [! She did years after paint one, but for her own children.] A chess-table for the Great Exposition?" She wished to pursue her studies in Westminster Abbey, to continue to teach the little Rams; "to learn Anglo-Saxon, to keep up my Greek and especially French and German, and everything else that I know; to learn something from Uncle John about prints." She has several manuscripts in hand or planned: "Cheverton Tip," "The Ocean of Life," "Officia," "The Allegory of Ecclesia," "The Garden of the Year," "A Fool in Motley." "Ecclesia" certainly was eventually written; and in 1850 (I am almost certain) she wrote "The Autobiography of a Drop of Water," the MS. of which exists and which was published in a magazine called *Merry and Wise* in 1869 or thereabouts. It was about this time too that she began the autobiography, the fragment of which remains. There is a memorandum, headed "My irons in the fire," which contains several of the titles given above and several others. It includes "Ecclesia," "The Autobiography" and "The Drop of Water," and shows that she intended that little paper to be only one of a series of papers on natural history and natural philosophy for children. Titles of others include "My Times, by a Tadpole," "Gossip of a Garden," "Voyage up the Aether, in H.M.S. Comet."

Though no record appears of the eighteen months between the diary dated 1850 and her engagement in the summer of 1851, there is indication that her friends found her still depressed and morbid. The story of her

acquaintance with T. W. Powell is given shortly and not quite correctly in his autobiography, but more fully in a diary in which he records his meetings with her up to the time when he ventured on a proposal by letter to her. Some passages from this diary must be quoted for their naïve charm.

"1851, *May 5th.*—Came up to London to Trafalgar Hotel, Spring Gardens.

"*Sunday, May 11th.*—After service decided to run al risks and to seek a further acquaintance with the lady who haunted my memory. . . I called in aid the old adage that 'faint heart never won fair lady' so I stepped away with a pretty good heart, yet I felt rather warm within and I found it very warm without. . . . Mrs. M. appeared and explained that Mr. M. was unwell. Then Mary appeared, this I took as a good omen. Mary exactly as I remembered her—my good opinion confirmed and my interest much increased. Had some sandwiches and wine, this my dinner. Strolled in the garden, principally with Mary and Emma, and had some pleasant and I think sensible conversation. I was sure that sensible conversation would best please all parties. Charlie* appeared from the ragged school and made my acquaintance as if he had been inspired with a knowledge of what was going to happen. . . . After tea some discussion whether Mary and Emma might go to West Ham Church, as they had nobody to escort them home—immediately offered to do it—accepted on condition that I should accept a bed for the night. Had not the hypocrisy to raise even a form of objection to this. Kept up my observations closely this evening and formed a notion from the whole of this visit, first, that Mary Marten

* In a letter written the day after T. W. P.'s death, Mr. Charles Marten says: "It was one Sunday afternoon in May 1851 that I first saw him, a tall slender man, walking round our old Plaistow garden with my two eldest sisters."

was very much the sort of girl I liked, though more accomplished than I thought myself worthy of; second, that I liked the family very much also; third, that my acquaintance at any rate did not seem disagreeable to her or them. Mem., I learned quietly that Mary and Emma would be at the Exhibition on Thursday.

"*Thursday, May 15th*, came, and I was at the Exhibition to meet Rose soon after twelve, quietly left Rose with the Makins' party and wandered about for three mortal hours labouring under a nasty bilious headache; struggled hard against it, and at last began to beat it off; at last between three and four I found them with Mrs. Priestley, the remains of the headache fled in an instant; attached myself to the party, hoping that Rose was happy somewhere. I was pretty considerably selfish that afternoon. Took Rose to see them just before they went away, having found her near the Koh-i-noor. Mrs. Priestley said afterwards that she thought me a suspicious character.

"*Saturday, May 17th.*—Having learnt from Charlie M. that he was likely to go to the Exhibition, appointed to meet him at the Koh-i-noor at four. The 'bus being very slow was two minutes behind time and had a narrow escape from a hansom cab. Found Charlie there and to my delight Mary with him; took possession of Mary, Charlie being quite unsuspicious, and kept possession all the afternoon. Stayed till we were drummed out, near 7 o'clock; walked across the Park and saw Mary and Charlie into a city 'bus. By this time I was becoming considerably impressed but still was open to conviction. I was capable of reflection and consideration, and not beyond my own control. This afternoon Mary herself conveyed Mrs. Marten's invitation to dine with them on Monday. Accepted of course.

"*Sunday, 18th, at Notting Hill.*—Made no confession of my ideas to Rose."

Extracts from T. W. P.'s *letter proposing to* Miss Marten.

May 20th, 1851.

My Dear Miss Marten,

Impelled by feelings which I feel both unable and unwilling to resist, and at the risk of being chargeable with more fervour than discretion, I sit down at an hour when I trust that the happy family whom I left two or three hours ago are locked in peaceful slumber, to relieve my mind as far as I am able by a confession such as I never had to make before. . . . It would be disingenuous in me, it would be unjust to those who have shown me such kindness . . . if from any motive whatever I should delay to confess, after fully and carefully realising the truth of it to myself, that I have begun to entertain feelings beyond those of esteem and friendship, and that in regard to yourself my affections are already so far concerned that if unhappily there should be no reasonable hope of their requital, it behoves me at once to act the manly part of repressing them before the task shall become impracticable. . . . I scarcely dare to hope in my own mind that He who has already given me more blessings than I can ever deserve, or be sufficiently grateful for, should crown them all with a helpmate in every way worthy of someone possessing qualifications such as I have not to boast of. . . . But if I may be permitted to continue my hopes of gaining your favourable regard, I cannot too soon be made aware of my happy fortune, nor too soon betake myself to arrange the tumult of my feelings, and to the serious consideration of the New Vista in life which will be opened to me with its new delights and new responsibilities. . . .

I place myself and my communication in your hands with perfect confidence that I shall experience no treatment of which I can have any just grounds of complaint. Till I hear from you I am in a tumult of suspense—yet I dread to have my suspense terminated lest my hopes be terminated also.

Mary Marten's answer to this proposal was a short note.

My Dear Sir,

I did not see my brother again till yesterday evening and therefore only then received your letter. While I value its frankness very much, and its Christian feeling far more—you will not, I am sure, wonder that I should feel much difficulty in replying to it at once, and I have therefore referred the matter entirely to Papa, from whom you will probably hear. But on second thoughts I felt it best to write at least this line in acknowledgment myself.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

MARY E. MARTEN.

The result of her "referring the matter to Papa" was the following letter from Mr. Marten to T. W. P.

LONDON,

May 24th, 1851.

My Dear Sir,

You will doubtless not feel surprised at hearing from *me* in reply to your letter to my daughter. From one and another being absent from home your letter was only delivered to her late last evening or you should have had an earlier acknowledgment of it.

You have anticipated delay in replying to the important disclosure of your feelings and its implied enquiry—where

there has, as yet, been so little opportunity of judging of character and compatibility of temper and disposition, it would be rash to form a hasty decision. The gentlemanly tone and Christian principle developed in your letter demand every consideration. But you will feel that before we as parents can advise our child in a matter of such infinite importance to her future happiness, temporal and eternal, a duty devolves upon us to make suitable enquiries of a personal and relative nature, and while I say this I beg to assure you that we are pleased with what we have seen in and of you hitherto.

As you kindly invited me down to Yorkshire to inhale some of its bracing air, I wish to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of two or three days of your hospitality. You are aware how awkwardly I am situated as to my partner's dying relative in Norfolk—I can therefore say nothing definitive as to time, but can only say that so soon as I can with propriety I will go down and shake you by the hand and assure you that I am, with great esteem,

Yours very sincerely,

C. M. MARTEN.

Plaistow, Saturday, May 24th.—T. W. P. replies, thanking her "for the consideration which dictated your short but highly valued letter. It suffices for me to build upon . ." and he expresses pleasure at the visit that Mr. Marten intends paying to Holme Lodge. Mr. Marten is not well, and they will give him rural nursing.

The next letter is dated "West Hartlepool, 6th June 1851." He says his hopes "refuse to be otherwise than increased" by time and "the interesting events which have since transpired," and he avails himself of her "kind and excellent father's permission" to write to her. He refers to Mr. Marten's very short visit, and to the "quick discernment

with which he has observed the most essential matters which bear on the welfare of a beloved daughter" and to his "true kindness and friendliness to myself" and of his marriage as "the sacred guardianship of the first object of his paternal care." He continues: "I have to-day written to your father finally accepting the proposal of partnership which on behalf of himself and Mr. Heseltine he has recently made to me. That offer has been so handsomely put to me independently of all other considerations than those of business, that it would have been unhandsome in me selfishly to have mixed with them my own anxious feelings on another subject. I have therefore compelled my judgment to decide for itself; but in spite of all my philosophy I have been absorbed by other considerations, which notwithstanding my respect to the importance of business and its objects, I hold to be of much more vital and permanent interest." He then, though impatience of delay shines through his measured phrases, assures her that "it would be unreasonable in me not to contemplate the possibility of your requiring further time and opportunity for deciding on so grave a subject. . . . I am not a boy that I should be ignorant or forgetful of what is due to you under all the circumstances. . . . Nurtured as you have been amongst the comforts and refinements of life, which it must be my ambition at least not to diminish—watched and cherished as you are by affections which mine if you accept them must transcend—endowed as you are with mental qualifications of no ordinary character and culture to which I aspire to become the closest of all companions—and educated as you have been in Christian principle and practice which forbid that we should be unequally yoked together, I may well feel that I am offering myself for grave duties. But I have learned what duty is and have been heretofore able to discharge it even when very irksome or unpleasant. Much more therefore . . ."

She replies to this:

June 8th.

My Dear Sir,

Before I see you I wish to say a word or two in answer to your last letter, that I may have the less to explain whenever we may meet. I am not insensible to all the esteem and affection which you have expressed for me —but I am glad to find that, as you yourself say, you "contemplate the possibility of my requiring further time and opportunity for deciding on so grave a subject." I *do indeed* think that this is required, and I trust that you will not for some time press me for a reply—and this for your own sake as well as mine—for I have a great number of faults and though, God knows, I do not weakly encourage them, yet you may as well see them, I suppose, before it is too late. I am very, *very* sorry that all these business arrangements should have come up just now, to confuse and complicate that other and greater question between us, and I could almost have wished to have seen you once again before you had finally decided to leave Yorkshire and all your tried friends there—but I felt I had no right to influence your decision because I knew that after all it might not affect me—therefore I was silent. . . .

He writes in reply: ". . . . I am determined if possible to make an opportunity of seeing you before I open the negotiation of business matters, on the subject of which I am expected in Finch Lane in good time to-morrow. I have therefore decided to be at Plaistow to-morrow morning, and to take this note down with me and send it to you *early*. I will be walking in the lane near the Brick Church (at the Plaistow end of the footpath which we came on from West Ham Church) from nine to ten o'clock, if you see no objection to such an interview, which occurs to me

as perhaps more convenient under all the circumstances than an open call from me. I wish no secret meeting; put this note therefore in Mrs. Marten's hands and be guided by her whether you may meet me as suggested, or it will be better that I call. I have no desire to conceal anything from your father, but he will expect from what has passed that I shall be prepared to talk over business as an independent question, but I feel utterly unable quite to lay aside the greater while studying the less. God knows they are either of them important enough to me, and that together they give me a strange tumult of thought. The serious change dependent on my present grave deliberations entitles me I think to your confidence and your kindest consideration. . . . "

Her reply is as follows (no date or heading): "I have spoken to Mamma, and she will not hear of my meeting you in Upton Lane. Please call here about ten o'clock, when Papa and Charley will be gone. I would have preferred doing as you seemed to wish—for, believe me, I have anything but 'inconsideration' for you—but I am not allowed. Yours, etc., in great haste, MARY E. M."

Here end the pre-engagement letters. The next letter is from him to her, dated June 17th, and what passed in the interval was by personal interviews. Mr. and Mrs. Marten went to stay at Malvern for Mr. Marten's health; unfortunately his visit to Holme Lodge had been abruptly ended by a summons to town from Mr. Heseltine, who wished to go away himself, and his health was still unsatisfactory. I shall only pick a few characteristic passages from the engagement letters, such as seem not too private and throw light on the characters of the writers. The letters do not contain much love-making, but a great deal of religion and also of confessions of faults, and some comparison of character and taste, and of course a great deal of discussion of the affairs of daily life.

LEEDS,

June 17th, 1851.

My Own Dear Mary,

. . . After all the excitement of the past week I felt yesterday on my journey a strong reaction and went to bed after midnight *well tired*, but have had one of my proper good sleeps . . . sleep is to me indeed an essential necessary of life. . . . I have promised to tell you my faults, and as I realise them to myself you shall know them. [Then he tells her at some length how, in spite of his belief that "the hand of God rules and guides the whole course of our lives," yet he has seasons of depression and anxiety, and he asks her to help him to shake off too great anxiety.] Even now by opening my mind to you I feel greatly comforted and reassured. . . . I have seen my sister Mary Anne and my brother-in-law Mr. Crowther and have explained all to them to their entire satisfaction and approval. I have also explained my change of prospects to two or three of my most intimate friends in Leeds, including the solicitor to whom I was articled, and I feel after my interviews with them quite in good spirits. . . . Believe me most affectionately and faithfully yours,

T. W. POWELL.

Her reply:

PLAISTOW,

Wednesday Morning, June 18th.

My Dearest Friend,

I have just had your most welcome letter on returning from some farewell visits among some of my poor people. . . . Papa seems still very weak. I have now had a little time to think about the events of last week more calmly than I could while you were here, for at that time,

especially for a day or two after I had pledged myself to you, I felt so strange and frightened and bewildered by (what seemed to me) the sudden and rapid change of everything in life, that I was more than once inclined to beseech you to give me my freedom again. I am not afraid to confess it now, for I feel *so much happier!* Every conversation we had increased my confidence in you and I do feel that I can have the utmost trust in you about everything, and I mean to tell you everything that you ought to know. I used when younger to have a disposition towards secrecy—I don't mean deceit but *concealment*, but I hope this is already among the conquered things . . . or only remains in the *power* of keeping a secret when right, and sometimes in the *effort* which it costs to be perfectly open. . . . Do you indeed suffer so much from anxiety? That has not been one of my temptations. . . . I have never taken a *light* view of life. It seems to me so full of conflicts, of temptations, of difficult resistances, mournful failures or very costly victories, hard duties to strengthen and bitter sorrows to soften and discipline us, that sometimes I have, perhaps weakly, longed to escape and be at rest. But I think I shall feel differently now, though not less seriously, as I am no longer left to encounter it alone. Do not quarrel with yourself if you do feel more anxious than usual just now. I think there is a kind of anxiety which is not distrust, but which very naturally accompanies great changes in our lives . . . and I do not wonder that just now . . . in undertaking such a business in London (one of the most fluctuating and anxious possible I suppose) you should feel much solicitude, and even some misgivings.

. . By the way, when you know me better, perhaps you will find *me* a new cause for anxiety! I am sure Papa and Mamma have often found me one! and when Papa went to Holme Lodge I told him the only message I would give him for you was this, "ye know not what ye ask,' but it never got delivered I believe. Please give my love to your sisters

and tell them I shall be much obliged to them not to believe more than one-third of the things you say about me. They may add the rest to what you tell them of Emma.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

MARY E. MARTEN.

HOLME LODGE,

June 18th, 1851.

My Dear Mary,

I am so glad that you bear a Christian name of which I am very fond—it is the one which I have always imagined as the most suitable to my fancy. . . etc.

My name at home is *Tom*, pray adopt it.

An undated scrap, postmarked June 20th.

Dear Friend,

We have just heard that dearest Papa is *very* ill. It is a slight apoplectic fit. There *is* hope. Emma and I are going immediately to Malvern. *Do* write—we are miserably unhappy.

Your MARY E. M.

Direct the Abbey Boarding House, Malvern.

Enclosed is a note from Emma, saying that a telegram had come with rather better news and Mary was going alone.

T. W. P. *to* M. E. M.

HARTLEPOOL,

June 20th.

He acknowledges her letter of the 18th. "Its perusal has given me very great interest, and I flatter myself that I

have been able not only to understand and appreciate it, but to lay hold to some extent of the chain of thought of which you have written to me but a few links. In such a companion I am thinking I shall have all my mental powers and faculties kept pretty active and on the alert—a prospect to me the reverse of objectionable. Nay indeed, I feel a strong assurance that in you I shall find not a wife only, but a true friend, also an associate both mentally and intellectually, such as we men are apt to look for in our own sex, but which I have not yet found—perhaps my reserve, which in regard to you is blown away as by the four winds, has kept me back—but such as would suit me are not many." Then follows a long piece about her former religious doubts, and then an apology for pressing her for a answer to his proposal. "But while I thus acknowledge my fault, I must confess that the result has rendered me *unable* to repent. . . . My sisters I fear will find considerable trouble in my leaving them. The close intimacy and mutual confidence in which we have now so long lived together give them many causes for regret. . . . "

This letter is followed almost immediately, June 22nd, by one of sympathy to her on hearing of her father's illness and he offers to do anything for them all. "If I could be sure that I could be of *any* service I would go immediately. I shrink from being too officious. . . ."

It is hardly necessary to go through the history of this illness, which is called "congestion of blood on the brain." Dr. Cook was at Malvern with them and we have all the usual alternations of hopes and fears. The worst fear is that if Mr. Marten recovers he may be left with his brain affected. The following letter was written on the evening of June 24th.

M. E. M. *to* T. W. P.

". . . . And now even if he recover, will he ever be the same again? I fear not. Do you know I really begin quite to hate the Stock Exchange, and I am so sorry and so anxious about you. I am sorry that you should be drawn into all our troubles . . . and I am so anxious about the future. Suppose dear Papa should die— I shall feel that the Stock Exchange has killed him, and then you know, how *can* I bear to see you go there every day? *Promise* me that you will never sacrifice the *best* gifts of God —health and an easy mind and some leisure time . . . to that love of getting money which seems to creep upon men in that place. The stake is *too great* for the result. I will, by God's help, do my part, and not surrender myself to those worldly ambitions, desires of riches and show (the things which are 'pomps and vanities') which I know are the peculiar temptations of ladies. . . . I have had many visitations of ambition, indeed this is one of the faults I was going to confess to you. There was no career which I thought too lofty or too arduous for me, and having also a great deal of natural energy and resolution, I used not only to indulge in dreams of ambition, but to try earnestly to realise them. God has judged more wisely for me than to let them prosper. One by one my wishes and my hopes have been frustrated, until at length my will seemed quite broken. I cared for nothing, life lost all its charms . . . The only bright thing in the world seemed to be the way out of it. If I had been a Roman Catholic no doubt I should have anticipated death and gone into a convent. Being a Protestant the only consequence was that I got the reputation among my friends of being out of health or in a very morbid state of mind. Then you came. . . . "

Next day.—"I wrote the above in an excited mood last night, but it is nevertheless all true and I shall send it. [After home news, etc.] Now I will answer your long letter of the 20th. There is an expression in it for which you deserve worse reproaches than I can find it in my heart to give you—you speak of finding 'not a *wife only, but* a true friend.' . . . But is not the idea of true friendship *included* in the idea of a wife? You do not know how indignant it makes me to hear the way in which some men talk of their wives (certainly they too often deserve it). I have always felt that marriage, as it is the completest union possible, and an irreversible one, ought to comprehend every other: union of intellectual tastes, and opinions, and principles, and views of life, as well as the union of heart, which being the basis of all is sometimes unfortunately allowed to stand in the stead of all. . . . And I can assure you I shall *try* to be a friend to you intellectually, etc., if I can, were it only for the pleasure of carrying out my own views. Not that I am one of those who think women intellectually equal to men and talk of their 'rights,' etc., as if they would like to see them on the bench and the woolsack! I hate those unfeminine ideas and also pedantry and the stiff dryness of the 'learned lady' and her affected ignorance of common things . . . The other thing I had to answer is your confession of having been 'hard upon me in pressing for a reply.' *I think you were,* but still harder upon yourself, though you did not guess that, and the coolness of which you speak—and which I was not slow to perceive—was as it happened the very best thing for us both. Had you known what a perverse heart you were seeking to win, you would have sought less—and been colder—and thus have taken it by a stratagem. [She ends by saying her father is worse.]

"Ever in much fear and sorrow yours,

"MARY E. MARTEN."

Mr. Marten died almost immediately. There are no more letters till July 2nd, but T. W. P. in his autobiography says that he arrived at breakfast-time and Mr. Marten died the next day. T. W. P. left again on July 1st, they each wrote to the other on July 2nd. Her letter is simple, natural, and contains a great deal of religion and a little about her father's will. "I have a presentiment of many difficulties yet in coming to an amicable and equitable agreement—which shall satisfy all parties—but a good hope that so many honourable and wise men will not be frustrated in the end. . . ."

T. W. P. *to* M. E. M.

PRESTON,

July 2nd, 1851.

" . . . I am very anxious that Mrs. Marten should be thoroughly satisfied in any arrangement that may be made. As for myself, if I were still what I was two months since I should be *very* easy to arrange with, for if anyone should have gone with short commons it should have been myself—but now I have a different view to take, and duty may require what self would not have suggested. Please don't suggest to me to be present at the reading of the Will. I feel no hurry to know what it contains beyond that in which Mr. Heseltine is concerned along with myself.. If there, my presence might be misconstrued, and this I would not like on any consideration. I can tell you, dearest, with an honest conscience that if it left you without a shilling or the hope of one, I would only love you the more (if I knew how) and work for you the harder—subject always, on the latter head, to the promise which I made you, and which with God's help I mean to fulfil."

The correspondence proceeds and becomes more and more natural and simple and less stilted. The events that interest them from day to day are discussed, also their religious feelings are expressed, and she gets him to read the books which she admires. Here is a characteristic passage which shows in what spirit he approached literature. The letter is dated July 9th, Leeds.

"I have read much more of 'Hyperion' and am not much in love with it [this is Longfellow's 'Hyperion'—Ed.]; it is a book not without danger. *I* have some sympathies with it—*you* perhaps many more—but I think *you* scarcely *need* to read such a work, although I see you have marked in it many sensible passages." In the same letter he tells her he has been duly elected a member of the Stock Exchange.

July 12th, she practises "Kent's Anthem and the *Agnus Dei*" and says that his love of music will be a stimulus to her, and there is a great deal about the conditions of the Will and the opinions of himself, Mr. Heseltine, Uncle John and Uncle George as to whether Mrs. Marten should act for herself, regardless of the Will. Eventually all except Uncle George come round to T. W. P.'s opinion that she should do so.

They exchange papers written on the subject of God's minute Providence.

M. E. M. *to* T. W. P.

Monday, July 14th.

". . . . As for me I believe that God is *the Life*, the vitality and energising Power of all Being and Creation, and He acts on and through Nature as closely and immediately as the human soul on the body, and I cannot conceive of any other life in Nature than the Informing Deity. Some might call this Pantheistic. I do not clearly know what modern Pantheism is—but is not this the simple yet

sublime and inscrutable Philosophy of the Bible? . . . I have over-fatigued myself sadly by going twice to church yesterday. Perhaps your Yorkshire air will give me some of my old lost strength back, for once I used to say 'I wonder how it would feel to be tired!'"

T. W. P. *to* M. E. M.

HOLME LODGE,
July 14th.

"My Cousin Rosamond . . . expects somebody very loveable indeed as the lady of my choice, from which perhaps someone might infer that she considered me very unimpressible. In one sense let it be so, *viz.*, that subjects not easily impressed best retain the impression when made. Once (and you were the cause of it) my heart was like melted wax. Your pledge and your love have reset it and restored it to more than its original strength—but it is now your property, and not mine only. The impression of yourself is left deeply engraved upon it, and I trust that of this impression it shall be retentive as steel. Don't charge me with writing frivolously. Even your grave and thoughtful Tom must indulge himself occasionally in the poetry of love. Believe me, Mary, I lack neither the earnestness nor the poetry. I am often inclined to reproach myself that I can say and do so little to assure you that you have not misplaced the confidence which you have placed in me. . . . You may think too much of my head, indeed your expressions as to my judgment, etc., are more than I deserve, and I wish that in this respect you, who are so much better informed and so much more widely read, may not have to feel some disappointment, but of my heart you may rest assured. My love you can know only by degrees—hitherto it is as it were but the bright dawn of the morning, growing more and more light indeed, but, if it please God to preserve us for

such happiness, *marriage* shall be our sunrise. . . . Let me beg that you will not curtail your length in correspondence by one word under any notions of the value of my time. I shall always have time for *your* letters and some time to answer them, though perhaps not always at such length as I hope to receive from you. . . . I have studied the 'thoughts' which you have been at so much trouble to copy out for me. . . . I doubt not that you will keep my mental energies taxed—but this prospect pleases me —it *does not alarm* me. I feel deep interest in you and no small responsibility. I see the more causes why I should love, and why my love should not only be warm and deep but vigorous and energetic. Do you understand me? You must forgive me that I have not read so much, that my mind is not so well stored with literature, you must not even hope that in this respect I can gain upon you, but I will endeavour to keep up with you in *thought*, and will look to you for some reflection and condensation of your own Advantages—so you see I am putting some onus on you also. You will enliven my sobriety, while it perhaps may somewhat sober your more vivid imagination. . . . By the way, I am quite content with what you have said so far, in reply to my strictures on 'Hyperion.' *Perhaps* I may have already passed a stronger criticism than is warranted by my experience of such writings; but here I am expressing only a feeling of caution, not a change of opinion. We have had at home *a great talk*, as the Indians say, about the future plans of my father and sisters, and the result of the whole seems very decided that it is desirable for them to leave this place and settle in some country town—Ripon is entertained as the most likely. . . . My thoughts keep looking in upon you and go about the garden with you and fancy what you are all talking about. May God comfort you all and bless you. . . . "

M. E. M. *to* T. W. P.

July 16th.

"My Dear Tom,

". . . . I was exceedingly pleased with your long letter of the 14th, and have read it several times. How glad I am that you love me so much, and that you do not expect to get tired of me! Did you really think I should 'charge you with writing frivolously' when you assure me of your love? Do you think I don't like to hear it?——One charge I shall make—and that is of a very mistaken judgment in the comparison you are pleased to institute between us intellectually—I shall not be 'disappointed' in you in this, or any other respect, because I am satisfied that I know already what I have to expect. I formed a comparison and a kind of judgment in the first week of our acquaintance, and have not yet found myself mistaken (except sometimes agreeably) and do not think I shall be. You have *more power* than I have, I may perhaps have more poetry; you have the stronger and clearer and wiser judgment, I have perhaps the quicker imagination; you have the more steady hold of what you believe, I have the more varied sympathy with many forms of belief, having passed through many. *I* should be the more tolerant of unsettled creeds, and the more lax and the less scrupulous on small practical matters, but then this tolerance sometimes in me would become an easy indifference which would affect my zeal—while you, I fancy, would be very warmly interested in all good causes and very decidedly abstain from all doubtful practices. I may have read more extensively, but then I read with an avidity which has no

selection in it, and sometimes very little reflection. I am capricious in my literary tastes, and far too miscellaneous and hasty to be sure. Then I have an *extremely* bad memory, so much so that subjects I have known well, and written upon, seem quite new to me in a year or two! Though I am aware that I often *seem* to know more than I really do, by a habit (or a gift, if you please) of *using* my knowledge, of remembering it in the right place; and so, if there are any allusions in the 'thoughts' I sent you which seem to imply knowledge, or any quotations which seem to imply reading, it does not at all follow that I *have* the knowledge or the reading—perhaps that I had it and lost it, or perhaps that I never knew any more than the fact or sentence which I have happened to remember, as I wrote, in an appropriate place. Now this is the *real truth* about myself, for I have some self-knowledge; and I am not sorry for the opportunity you have given me of writing thus, for I cannot bear that you should think of me, or of yourself, as you do, it gives me real pain and I never wish to appear in the least better or wiser than I am to those near friends whose opinion I alone value—nor indeed to anyone else—and therefore often suppress things and allusions which rise naturally to my lips lest they should be taken for tokens of something more behind which is not really there. Do you at all understand me when I confess that I am *far too proud* to wish to assume anything—knowledge, position, etc., etc.—which I do not actually possess? It is my theory that pride and vanity are the two poles, as it were, of the world of moral character, to one of which every one is more or less subject—I do not know any distinction which seems to me more radical than this between men. Tell me, please, what you think of my distinction and of my judgment of us both? I think that we each possess quite enough of that in which the other excels to appreciate each other, and to have much sympathy with each other's trials and interest in each other's pursuits—and that thus, when we do not exactly *resemble* each

other we shall *fit in*, and that perhaps is better and less monotonous. At first, when we discovered so many agreements, I began to wonder whence would come the 'animated *no*, which Cowper says conversation always wants, but this I can wait with great patience to discover, and then, if I ever did say 'no'—to you—I am not one of those unmalleable people who can never yield. And latterly, within the last two years, mere knowledge has lost much of the devoted admiration which I gave it too exclusively, and Life and Duty and the active service of God and of men—and of Him through them—and I hope too 'all those little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love which constitute the better portion of a good man's life' have become far deeper and holier and dearer to me, and I know that with your friendship they will become ever more and more so." Then she tells him that she has been directing and sending away an admonition, that she and "Sarah" have had reprinted from Mr. Ruskin's works, on the Duty of travellers towards the Foreign Protestant Churches.

Thursday morning.—"I have just received your letter of yesterday. How very easily you settle matters in the North! To fix to move one day and to take a house the next seems quite incredible rapidity. I hope you will not expect to find *your own house* quite so easily. . . I am much amused at your forethought about the preserves, and I think you are something akin to the Baron of Hohenfels in 'Hyperion,' 'rather a miscellaneous youth!'. . . . You say you 'fancy what we are all talking about in the garden sometimes'—I am sure you do *not* fancy that when I begin to talk about you, Emma takes her watch out and says she will give me a quarter of an hour for that subject and then I must take another!"

The allusions in the last letter are to the following :

West Dock Offices,
Hartlepool,
July 16*th*, 1851.

"I was at Ripon with Rose yesterday looking at two houses and one of them so far suits that I have written to the owner this morning agreeing to take it. It is very near my uncle's* and as dry and breezy as Hampstead, and the country is quite as pretty. There will be room enough in it for *us* when we go on a visit†—I have an eye to that. . . By the way, without asking your leave as the future head of my domestic economy, I have made a commencement of housekeeping provision by buying a lot of jam-pots, and ordering a variety of our abundant fruits to be boiled for the special use hereafter of a household not yet constituted but very often imaged to my view."

July 18*th*, 1851.

My Dearest Mary,

I daresay you would be surprised at such rapid proceedings about leaving Holme Lodge, and taking a house at Ripon—for my part when I can once see my way I like to act promptly, particularly when promptitude may be of service. Have you not found this feature in my character once before, on a certain ever-to-be-remembered occasion? . . . I wish indeed that it may prove that you don't think too much of my qualifications; but we will not too nicely discuss the question, we will be mutually willing both to give and claim the privilege of thinking well of each other, and indulging in this privilege I venture to demur to your very humble opinion of yourself. . . .

* Mr. Joseph Wilde.
† This is West Mount, Ripon.

M. E. M

PLAISTOW,
Saturday, July 19th.

"She (Mrs. Marten) has been very poorly for the last few days and depressed in spirits . . . I am not at all surprised at it . . . there is no reasoning with people or cheering them either when actually under strong nervous depression. Mr. Ram . . . wants me to resume all my work among my poor people, which I have consented to do, and he also wishes me to teach in the Sunday School, but I really fear I am not strong enough. Yesterday I had a visit from M. Bost, a French clergyman who is at the head of a large orphan school near Bordeaux in which I take much interest and about which I once wrote a little book. He told me many things about the state of religion in France which make one feel very sad. After all what a *faint* impression Christianity has as yet made on the world! I often wonder how people can talk in the sanguine way they do about the progress of religion."

T. W. P.

SEATON, NEAR STOCKTON,
July 19th, 1851.

"I have again perused the sketch which you essayed to draw up of us both on Wednesday evening, but I do not accept it yet without some strictures and modifications. For instance, you state that you have a bad memory, which can hardly be correct unless you deem memory bad when it does not retain *every*thing: and this you say not withstanding your admission of the gift of remembering things

in the right place. Then you charge yourself with reading often without reflection—*you* ought to know—I only wish my reflection may be able to keep pace with yours. Then I am not at all sure that you have quite a proper idea of me. Indeed, I have a great deal to study and learn in myself, and it gives me real satisfaction to feel that in you I shall have a companion really suited to my case. I want one with a reflecting mind who can share with me my philosophy: with a well-informed mind that shall prevent my being absorbed too much by merely abstract thoughts: with an active mind that shall counteract my *occasional* disposition to be very quiet (too quiet)—and, last and chief, with a religious mind that shall aid me in my desire not to be of the world though in the world. . . . Of my own natural character it is difficult to judge. I have seen so much more of life, been brought so much more into close contact with many varied scenes than young minds generally experience, that it must unquestionably have had great influence upon me. I have been thrown very much amongst my elders, and in everything but money-making and the spirit of it I am ten years in experience ahead of my years. Many of the buoyancies of youth have in a way been set on one side, but they are not lost, only sobered. Naturally I looked a while ago very much at the bright side of things, but I have almost learned the opposite from having been called on so much and so often to apply myself to remedy and alleviate the darker scenes of human affairs. What I once had of poetry in my constitution seems as it were to have been frightened away by the matter-of-fact duties I have had to discharge, but some of it may return, reawakened by your society. . . . Each of us desires to discover what is true and to do what is right and when such a desire earnestly works there is a better hope that truth will be reached than where there is an approach to monotony, for entire monotony breeds sluggishness."

T. W. P.

WEST HARTLEPOOL,
July 21st, 1851.

"The house at Ripon is now secured for my father and sisters. I fully intend to go up to London on Wednesday. I intend to go to the 'Castle and Falcon' on Wednesday night. . . I intend to settle to work if I can find any in Finch Lane. I may venture to ask you not to accept the office of Sunday School teacher without my consent; it is a laborious office, and should not be undertaken without your health being seriously considered. Parsons are not very thoughtful about this if they get their work done."

Here there is a break in the letters; they saw each other and the postman had rest.

But on August 26th the correspondence begins anew. *She* and Emma were staying with his father and sisters at Holme Lodge, to which place he evidently escorted her. He was at work in London. In the first letter he says: "I pictured a few years in London, busy, bustling, with some anxiety, yet happy because with you and in the path of duty. Afterwards I ventured to picture that with God's blessing we would live in the country, retired but not dull—at ease, but not idle; happy whether in town or country in serving God and loving our neighbour."

M. E. M.

HOLME LODGE,
Tuesday.

"Yesterday after you left I felt rather dull, so I went to the end of the long straight walk and sketched your

favourite hills. . . . We went into the 'Stackgarth' to see the men 'leading' the corn (you see I am becoming quite a Yorkshire lady) and we climbed up with Elizabeth to the top of the stack. All the corn, the wheat I mean, was got in yesterday. There are two immense stacks and your father says it is a very fine crop. . . . "

9, Finch Lane,

August 27th.

My Dear Mary,

Never mind who laughs at you about writing to me so soon as yesterday, it is no concern of anyone else if we choose to write to one another twice a day. I should have been very glad to hear from you if you had written on Monday.

M. E. M.

Holme Lodge,

August 28th.

"We came to a long hilly road. Here we alighted in pity to the horses and walked; but after proceeding about a mile, Rose, Emma and I ran forward as scouts and left your father leading Rover and Elizabeth with Fanny and the pony-chaise. The road seemed gradually to diminish into a mere farm road for carts between the waving cornfields. Not a man was to be seen, so we returned in despair to Mickley . . . and proceeded to the little inn (or rather public-house!) at Mickley, determined not to be conquered by difficulties but to reach Hackfall somehow. You should have seen Lizzie go up to the door and give a smart

rap with the end of the whip, and demand in a tone of authority: 'Is there anyone here competent to take charge of horses?' She only wanted her *coat* and your wideawake to complete the scene. Emboldened by her assurance we all entered the house and found only an old woman in the kitchen, so we took possession of her back parlour and began to unpack the baskets, etc., for it was now two o'clock. She was a good-natured old creature and seemed highly entertained by our freedom, and we began to feel very much at home indeed. We found dinner very refreshing and *Malmsey* too, and we thought it was the first time anything so choice had been drunk in that house."

They did reach Hackfall, and she says Emma compares it to Hawthornden. "The place was full of the fragrance of the firs and of your favourite sound of trickling water. I shall never hear that natural music without thinking of you. . . . When we returned to our rustic hostelry we found tea prepared, and very comfortable it was, and I had just time for a rough sketch of the house, which charmed the old woman exceedingly when she found it would be taken to London. . . . I may say to you that 'the spring' sometimes looks very distant to me also, but I feel convinced that it is *right*—that I owe it to my dear Mamma and sisters to try to cheer them this winter."

T. W. P.'s next letter discusses Hampstead as a place for them to live in, but he says it takes so long to get there that he is doubtful about it, fifty-five minutes by train and then a walk of a mile or two, and all taken from the time he might be with *her*.

The correspondence becomes more and more an everyday interchange of news and less characteristic. Soon after leaving Holme Lodge the girls went with their mother to Cromer; Mrs. Marten and Harriet had been first to Lowestoft, which they disliked.

M. E. M. *September 10th.*—"They report that it [Lowestoft] is just like Plaistow by the seaside—marshes, cows, cabbages and all complete, and we certainly should not wish to travel two hundred miles to see that." In another letter: "I feel already stronger and able to cope with you in walking for the first six or seven of your thirty miles."

A large part of the letters which passed between them at this time relate to the search for a house.

"I feel rather ambitious of a quiet garden, indeed I feel tempted to go beyond what my more sober judgment dictates. . . . I want things which I think I shall only find in a good house at . . . a stiffish rent." This is from a letter of September 10th in which he describes houses at Blackheath that he has rejected. In another letter, same date, he describes more rejected houses and then continues: "Having got thus far, I thought I would amuse myself with looking at the extreme house beyond Mr. Heseltine's, and which reminded me of Holme Village, being the end of the world in that direction. This house I knew was too big and too high rented, being £156 and having three good sitting-rooms and seven or eight bedrooms and a dressing-room, but *it is* a nice house, and not a dear house either. Indeed, I think it is as cheap for what there is of it as Mr. Heseltine's. The view is much to my liking, extensive and *daylight*. There is a squarish lawn and flower garden in front, with green grass up to the windows; at the back is a kitchen garden of at least half an acre, with young and thriving fruit trees, some against a low brick fence wall. . . . I scarcely know whether I ought not to be sorry that I have seen it, for it has taken a great hold on my fancy, and I feel a strong leaning to it. It has all the peaceful air of being totally in the country, and if I lived in it I should like to call it Holme Lodge. But why should I thus describe and thus tantalise myself? I should like the place certainly, but . . . there are several 'buts'—and yet I can't find what I want in the

shape in which I want it . . . when I go amongst the lower class houses there is always some great blot."

September 11th.—"This house at Blackheath still haunts my head; I am not sure whether I shall not go down this afternoon and take Mr. Heseltine to see the house . . . Is the continuous enjoyment of a very nice place worth £100 a year, and the defiance of everybody's opinion?"

In her reply, September 12th, M. E. M. asks what the expenses of £100 to £120 include, and says "meanwhile, may I ask that you would consult Rose too? I have, if I may say so, a high opinion of your sister's practical sagacity, and I hope often to benefit by it. I DO *want* you to have a house which you will take pleasure in, and feel a real home, and if £100 a year be *really* the sole additional expense, I should look at it in this way—we are delaying the period of final settling in the country for, say, a year or two? for the sake of a very pleasant and healthful home while we remain in town. . . . Will the house wait? if so, do look farther. . . . I hope you *will* take Mr. Heseltine to see the house, tell him from me that he is not to let you be 'rash.'"

He does take Mr. Heseltine to see it and both he and Mrs. Heseltine urge him to take it; the latter says he *must* take it. Then follows a long letter, dated September 14th, in which he says the following reasons have weight: 1. Mr. Heseltine's advice that it would not be extravagant "moreover he *wishes* that I should take the house and that we should live near him . . . his wish has also great weight with me, he is an excellent and generous partner. . . . I feel strongly that his opinion and his expressed desire ought to go a great way in inducing me to any reasonable extent to comply with them." 2. This house would probably be big enough to last them eight years (the length of lease) whereas they might sooner have to move out of a smaller one. 3. The house would probably be newly done up and so save initial expense. 4. The healthfulness of the situation. 5. A good house and garden are, of all

luxuries, those he would prefer. 6. He wishes he could have had her father's advice, but for his sake he wishes that she, his first-born, whose happiness he had so much at heart, should enjoy as many true comforts as circumstances will justify.

M. E. M. in her reply does not discourage him, but looks forward to living in so pretty a place. She laughs at him for "saying several times *what you want you cannot find* (except this) after having looked for it scarcely a week!" She thinks her father would not have advised them to incur an expenditure of more than £700 to £800 a year, but he too would have been open to be tempted by a pretty convenient house.

On September 13th he writes: "Perhaps I was lunatic, but if so nobody helps me out of my malady, for I am urged on to take the house and nobody holds me back."

He says he has a weakness for a nice house and that is the only extravagant fancy that he has; but that if there were a choice of houses he might resist it—"only there is no choice."

Finally they took the house. There was the usual bargaining and surveying; old Mr. Powell is astonished at the rents in the neighbourhood. T. W. P. concludes after thinking it over many times that he has done right, but that they must be resolute and live quietly and moderately *in it*, itself being their only extravagance. M. E. M. rejoins that she is quite prepared to do so, but hopes that trips to the country will not be reckoned as extravagances, because hardworking people need change for the mind as well as the body. She thinks he has made a good bargain with Mr. Hinchcliffe, the owner—rent £156, fixtures to be thrown in if he will finish the decoration. She wonders he does not move into the house the very day after he gets it, with his accustomed rapidity! He came into possession of the house on September 29th.

M. E. M. *from Cromer.*

September 23rd.

"We have just got the Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, which are, in plain English, the memoirs of a madwoman, written by a Fool—but they are very amusing, and *when I was young* there was something of romantic and enticing interest to me in Lady Hester's character and career. She set up an establishment in Syria, you know, and became of some political notoriety, interfering with all the Emirs and Pashas around, and receiving all the outlawed and unfortunate—dressing like a Turkish gentleman! and fancying herself a seer. Once I used to meditate doing the like, but I am tamed since those days. I would rather be your wife, Tom, than lead an adventurous and famous life without love, commonplace as such a destiny might have appeared to her ladyship."

T. W. P.

September 24th.

"What a very odd bygone notion of yours that was which you confess, in wishing to imitate the pranks of Lady H. S. It was time indeed you should be tamed down from such fancies: if they should arise again in any shape you would find your Tom particularly sober, unadventurous, unambitious and unsympathising. Talking of ambition, I must have a disquisition with you some day on that head: you used to be very ambitious, and now you think you have been cured of it, but whether you are cured or not quite cured, we will have the general subject of ambition talked

and examined to the bottom. . . . I do sincerely believe that when ambition or love of fame is the leading motive of any attainment, the motive partakes of sin and is at variance with the love of Christ, and as such (according to the ordinary course of God's dealings) it leads, whether in failure or success, to unhappiness and disappointment."

M. E. M.

September 26th.

"I shall be very glad to hear you discourse upon ambition but do you condemn *all* honourable desire for fame? (of course I don't mean mere ephemeral notoriety). You remember Milton's lines in 'Lycidas'—

> "'Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> To scorn delights and live laborious days—
> That last infirmity of noble minds—'(*sic*).

"On this subject I have generally believed with the poets —and few of *them* think it even an infirmity to desire fame. But yet after all the apostolic motive 'the love of Christ constraineth us' is far higher. . . . "

After September there was more personal intercourse and letters became less frequent.

In the autumn T. W. P. was busy furnishing his new house, Kidbrooke Lodge, Blackheath Park, and he moved into it about November 21st, after which he sometimes had one of his sisters to stay with him. The few letters written in the winter months are full of expressions of love, of regret at leaving their respective families and of religious meditation; and towards the end of the engagement his letters exhibit the impatience usual in lovers to get to the end of the waiting period and obtain possession of his wife.

T. W. P.

"I have been in great strait between neglecting Lizzie and appearing to neglect you. Oh that I had wings! . . . I am afraid of taking undue advantage of my partner, I must not neglect Lizzie, I am pained to be so much from you. There are but twenty-four hours in the day and it is not enough. Happily the time will soon arrive when I may be with you the better half of the twenty-four hours and nobody can say that I thereby neglect any person or any thing. That time *must* come soon; it would be improper and it is unnecessary to postpone it very long."

Another letter.—"I believe then, really and soberly, that on such evenings as this, when well-meaning friends most kindly and hospitably invite me, with the leading object of meeting my own chosen and loved one, instead of being delighted and happy . . . I feel stiff, unnatural, impatient and under restraint, half irritable, half stupid. . . . My pride bids me look stoical and easy and cool, while beneath the surface I am all the while impatient, uneasy and fervent."

The wedding took place from Essex Lodge, Upper Clapton—into which house Mrs. Marten and her family had moved the previous September—on March 12th 1852, Mr. Ram being the officiating clergyman.

No doubt the excitements and trials of the past year had told on our mother's robust health, for she was far from well at the time of her marriage and for some time beforehand.

MARY POWELL'S *first letter to her mother after her wedding.*

YORK HOTEL, BATH,

March 12th, 1852.

My Own Dearest Mamma,

The post goes out at ten o'clock from here, so there is time to write you a note, of which I am very glad. How strange it is to be already a hundred miles off! It seems about a week since we were all breakfasting in your room this morning. We were half an hour too soon at the station, which was very provoking, for I would have liked a few more last minutes at Essex Lodge. We got a partition to ourselves, with a sofa in it, which rested me very much as I was feeling exceedingly tired, and tea here has been very refreshing, but Tom has a bad headache—no wonder. The journey did not seem long—I really could have gone on to Exeter! However I shall be glad to see something of Bath, which Miss Austen's novels have made so classical. This is a very large hotel, but I cannot see anything from the windows except a street. I cannot help thinking that people must have thought me rather unfeeling for going off in such a calm sort of way, but I know, dear mamma, that you and Emma and those whom I love best did not think so, and there is something in the presence of a great many people which is a strong check to emotion. It was not so easy to restrain it when we were alone, and oh, as we passed Abney Park Gate I could hardly bear all the thoughts which rushed upon me. I must not trust myself to enter into them now.

I have thought of you all so constantly and fancied what you were doing every hour, just now you are at supper I think. I hope Sarah and Emma will write me quite *a great*

letter at least, when they are recovered. I don't want to tax anybody, only I shall *crave* to hear. How is your tongue? Everything certainly went off very well. I think few girls could have such kind friends as I have.

Tom has given Mr. Ram £5 for his schools, as an acknowledgment of his services. Mr. Ram seemed very pleased.

I must not write more to-night. Give my dear love to all. I shall write more to-morrow, but my first signature (and I mean to begin it at once) shall be to my dear mother.

Your affectionate child,

MARY ELIZABETH POWELL.

T. W. P.'s autobiography after the marriage is very meagre, and beyond the American letters of 1857-8 only a few letters exist, but they give little glimpses of home life and of mental pre-occupation and interests and throw a human glow over the events mentioned in the autobiography.

T. W. P. *to his wife at Ripon.*

LONDON,
August 14th, 1852.

My Dear Wife,

. . . . The train arrived about two minutes before time at King's Cross. I spied a hansom cab, rushed into it, was at N. Kent station at seven minutes before ten, and at home 10.25—sharp work Leeds to Blackheath Park in six hours and a quarter. I read *Uncle Tom* and the newspaper as long as I could see, and then contemplated from the window close to my cheek the huge clouds lying like rocks in the Western sky with summits like snow mountains and a deep red streak of sky behind and below them. Such a position and such a scene at that hour are well adapted for a little useful quiet meditation, in which meditation were

involved many people and many things, some known, some unknown, you chief amongst the former, and entwined somehow in all. . . . The garden looks different, as gardens always do when the summer fruit has been some time gathered. The flowers on the lawn have grown thick and bushy and I can begin to detect the air which the things of Kidbrooke Lodge wore when I took the house last September. How happy have I been since then! I am happier now than I was then. Though I would not depreciate the bliss of courting days, married days are happier much to my thinking. I did not forget that we parted without a last kiss yesterday, but I thought it was better not to jump out of the train, to make a small scene of love while the train was on the eve of starting. I will take care to pay myself for the loss on Tuesday morning.

RIPON,

March 24th, 1853.

My Dearest Mary,

Your welcome letter is to hand this morning at breakfast-time, and gives me much pleasure in assuring me that you and baby are safe and well in a good harbour; it seems that you are both destined to meet stern winter in your visits to Essex Lodge. On my journey down we ran into a snow-white country about twelve miles north of London and so we had it for about twenty miles (an inch or two deep), when we suddenly ran out of it. . . . . Here it is real winter, not much colder than we had it in London but a lot of snow lying about—in some shady places about Holme Lodge several inches deep. . . . . I have not finished with the Holme Lodge business; you would have been amused to see me and Rose holding a sort of drumhead court-martial in the drawing-room, the only furniture consisting of four chairs brought in for the

occasion and a lean washstand of Mr. Ray's which I used as a desk. . . . I don't find that the men have either of them done anything very reprehensible but in consequence of their mutual recriminations they have both given notice to leave, and I am now deliberating whether to give Ned the chance of working the land himself at his own risk, or to seek some new servant to work it for me. George seems disposed to emigrate to Canada if he had the means, these I have offered to advance to him and I think he will go. . . . On my way down I had the carriage to myself two-thirds of the way . . . it was well I was so much alone for I was reading the *Wide Wide World*, and was not a little moved by the chapters recording all the incidents about the death of Alice, I don't know that any other subject touches me in the way that I am affected by well-drawn scenes of the closing hours of Christians leaving their sorrowing friends. . . . It is very satisfactory, my dearest, that you are under the eye of a watchful mother just now. I must beg of you not to forget your own future health, and therein the future interests of our dear child (to say nothing of the future happiness of both of *us*) in your present desire to fulfil your maternal offices to her. I know that considerable weakness is often incident to mothers who are really good nurses (as I am sure you are), but you know your proper strength is not very great and you might easily overtax yourself. . . . I can and shall think of you with warm love and quiet satisfaction, and with much desire to do more in the service of Him who has done so much for me. Give our dear little darling a shower of kisses for me. . . .

RIPON,

November 25th, 1853.

"I am quite angry with the Post Office for its stupid irregularities, for I wrote to you on Wednesday and yet you had not received my letter in the middle of the day yesterday. . . . The snow lies thick yet but is thawing. It was three inches deep last night. Now a south-east wind blows miserably. Oh, the poor people with coals at 30*s.* a ton and the loaf at 11*d.*!"*

RIPON,

May 13th, 1854.

My Dear Wife,

I am beginning most vigorously to follow your injunctions as to walking. This evening we all turned out in company with Rosamond and her fat dog, and have had a most glorious ramble. Oh that such walks were within as easy reach of Blackheath! This is indeed a delicious neighbourhood, altogether I doubt if Kent can match it What a sweet view we had of the great plain with pleasant undulations and broken ground in the front, Ripon Minster and town and a light wreath of pale smoke in the middle, and the whole stretch of the Hambleton Hills gleaming under the rays of the setting sun, a length of some twenty miles with the white crags of Whitston Cliff standing out bold and bluff in the centre of the line: close to us the plantations of Studley and a carpet of wild flowers, and here and

* He was at Ripon again from December 21st to 26th for the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Wilde, Cousin Rosamond's father, who was buried on the 24th.

there by the wayside such sweet clean bright cottages that one's feelings for the poor occupants are more like envy than pity; and as to the walk itself, it was all either clean white roads clear of dust and gravel or over soft springy turf, quite a luxury to the feet—up hill and down dale, some change every minute;—no monotony, no gravel grinding, no feeling that town had grappled with country and smothered its rusticity. My tastes answered true to the tones that waked up my inmost love of rustic scenery and my delight was fanned into a quiet flame. Is all this ungrateful in one whose residence at Kidbrooke would be considered by many thousands of people as a desirable but unattainable acme of material happiness? I won't confess that it is, for I feel that there is much truth in the proverb that "God made the country and man made the town," although it won't bear overstraining.

RIPON,

January 21st, 1855.

I want to see Xē and the baby twice a day as usual, and am continually thinking of them and you. I do most earnestly hope you have not been lying awake all night. I was so selfish last night as to sleep very soundly, but when I woke, before I was yet fully awake, I turned round to look at you and to touch you, and then remembered that it was only our spirits that were near each other just then and that in body I was alone. I hope you will not feel very dull till we meet again; perhaps you can find time to get over to the Infant Training School. I have not forgotten about the Wednesday evening school. I must write to White. May God bless and keep you and our dear sweet little ones.

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

T. W. POWELL.

Blackheath Park,

Thursday evening, May 10th, '55.

Poor Banks cannot get a cottage yet and is even without a lodging just now, and has to go backwards and forwards to Chiselhurst, to his great fatigue. There is really a terrible dearth of cottages about Blackheath, and what there are in existence are generally very meagre affairs to my thinking—it almost lies on my conscience to build some. I think I shall go *via* Greenwich this afternoon and see if I can find a cottage there for him, it is much nearer than Chiselhurst. He cannot even get one at Eltham: even Eltham is filled up by the overflow of Woolwich; there are so many extra hands now employed by the Government. . . . Give my love and heaps of kisses to Chrissie and baby, I hope you and they are flourishing; absence even for a day or two from wife and little children prove to a loving husband how dear they are to him. I would very far rather meet you and them to-night than any other person whomsoever. . . . Take care of yourself, my dearest, and drive about in the air if the weather permit; if it please God we shall soon meet again and have our excursions.

Your loving husband,

T. W. Powell.

M. E. P. *to* T. W. P.

Ripon,

May 12th [1855].

My Dearest Tom,

I was very glad to see your nice long letter awaiting me on the breakfast table, and to find that your journey had been prosperous and pleasant. . . . I went into the town to see if I could get a parasol to my mind for Rose in lieu of the one E. and I lost together, but there were none above

7*s.* 6*d.*, consequently not good enough for a present, though very nice for the money. Will you find one in London and bring it: brown figured silk or satin (not moiré, as it cracks) or watered silk with a folding handle and fringe. You will get a very good one for about half-a-guinea I should think, but I don't mean to *restrict* you to this sum. . . . Yesterday morning we all had a long talk over summer plans, and I proposed to Elizabeth my plan for her to come to us in August [she expected the birth of her third child]. Dear I am very glad I did it, because both she and Rose seemed very much gratified and pleased with the arrangement, and I am sure *you* will like having E. with you, and so shall I feel it both a pleasure and a relief, as I know she will look after the house and children, etc., just as I should myself; and now Rose seems to have an idea of getting Mary Anne *here* for the time. . . . It is a pity Banks cannot find a cottage near, I did so wish it. I wish you and a few other gentlemen could get that waste-looking piece of ground behind Mr. Andrew's garden in the new road, and build a nice quadrangle of model cottages on it. I daresay even as an investment it would be a profitable one; indeed I do not think that unprofitable speculations in the way of house-building for the poor ought to be undertaken, because one can never depend on the charity of the country to furnish the dwellings for the peasantry. It *must* be a matter of common investment of capital, and what one wants to show by model cottages is that the comfort and convenience of the tenant can be consulted without detriment to the fair rent of the landlord. I remember Mr. Black saying he would join in such a scheme. . . . Key is much pleased with her picture book, and your father remarked "What, t' chap can't forget his bairns then!" Key often wants you and so does baby. . . . I am just going to the Minster and shall post this on my way.

Your own loving wife,

MARY E. POWELL.

HOTEL WINDSOR, PARIS,
March 8th, 1856.

[I do not know what this journey to Paris was for.—ED.]

". . As for Paris itself we have not seen very much yet but we have seen a fair proportion of the external 'magnifique.' I think I feel more desire to see something of the older parts, which we have yet to wander into. There is such inconsistency I think between the splendid externals and the contents of the buildings, for instance mere stalls furnished with £10 or £20 worth of rubbish under pretending colonnades and imposing architecture, and many of the *shops* too seem to be owned by people of very scanty capital. In fact the ratio of expenditure in the interior and exterior of street houses in London is about reversed. I have seen the Bourse: a most disgraceful exhibition, a bear garden, a suggestion of something worse, a hint of what abandoned humanity might be if unmitigated selfishness should be set up as everyone's sole end and object. If I could subsist any other way I would not be an 'agent' of such a 'change' for any consideration. We stood ten minutes in the Madeleine, the first time I have watched such a scene. Oh poor humanity! The religious papist one might respect for the fervour of his heart and his good intentions, the cold irreligious Protestant one may respect for the soundness of his intellect, but these creatures who go through a mummery, hypocrites at heart and too weak in the head to shake off the incubus of such hideous priestcraft, what must we feel for them. . . . Sunday here is but a name for a day on which business is a little less exacting than usual. France is not a land of freedom its people are not worthy of it."

[He was always hard on France and the French, being too thorough a Puritan to sympathise with them.—ED.]

So far it has not been necessary to refer to the business affairs of Heseltine, Powell & Co., nor to money matters of any kind. The firm flourished and the partners made good incomes T. W. P. kept careful accounts in those years, He was a trustee for many people, and his account book exists; it contains thirty-eight separate accounts, kept with exquisite accuracy and neatness. Among these accounts are those of his household, sundries and charities [the latter under the title No. 10 account, and so headed up to the end of his life]. From this book I have compiled a little table showing the income and expenditure of eleven years.

	Income.	*Household.*	*Sundries.*	*Charities.*
1852	£5225	£570	£139	£56
1853	4866	745	249	179
1854	2382	862	83	347
1855	3148	943	92	201
1856	2930	873	119	218
1857	675	908	118	143
1858	4111	636	45	18
1859		768	80	11
1860	2031	909	103	62
1861	2536	964	81	49
1862	3548	2596	184	161
1863	5776	1916	included in house	62

But in the years 1856 and '57 a storm was brewing which involved the partners in much loss and anxiety and was the cause of T. W. P.'s first journey across the Atlantic. It is obvious that his habit of living well within his income was now of the utmost value, for the "few thousands" that he mentions in his biography must have been the result of a few years' savings. Uncle Charles Marten has kindly written an account of the crisis and of the causes which led up to it, which I here insert.

"Up to the time when Mr. Marten died in 1851, the small business doing in London in the bonds and shares of American Railways was confined to one or two firms and was generally transacted outside the Stock Exchange. But a time was approaching when English capital was to seek investment in these United States securities; and several

of the clients of Heseltine & Powell, chiefly Mr. (now Sir Charles) Tennant, were turning their attention to them. The Firm accordingly took up this business, and began to encourage their clients to buy the bonds of the New York and Erie, and Pennsylvania Railways. In order to establish business relations with the States, H. & P. used the services of Mr. John Watson (Mrs. Marten's brother), an American merchant, who in 1853 was visiting New York on his own account, and who was instrumental in establishing business relations between H. & P. and some important houses in New York and Philadelphia.

"A year or two afterwards two important lines were brought under H. & P.'s notice: the Buffalo and Lake Huron in Canada, and the Marietta and Cincinnati in the State of Ohio, the latter being represented in London by an astute Yankee named Noah P. Wilson.

"With perhaps somewhat imperfect knowledge and experience, H. & P. invested for themselves and strongly recommended to their clients the bonds of both these companies. In the course of a year or two both these companies stopped payment of their debenture interest; but it is due to the judgment of the Firm to record that both lines ultimately proved valuable, the Buffalo and Lake Huron being now an integral part of the Grand Trunk of Canada system, and the Marietta and Cincinnati being taken over by the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western.

"The temporary failure of these two lines was a terrible blow to H. & P.: not only involving them in much personal loss but causing many of their clients to lose money and also to lose confidence in their brokers. A great deal of offence was taken and many hard things were said. Mr. Powell went to America in the summer [and again in November] of 1857, and visited and thoroughly examined both lines. He returned home somewhat discouraged, for business was bad in the States, stocks were falling and things were ripening for the great financial crisis of 1858.

"For some years the Firm was in rather low water, business being dull and the losses both of money and of clients severely felt. In 1861 Mr. Heseltine had a severe illness but gradually recovered. In the early sixties matters began to improve, and both the English and American business of the Firm gradually developed: but the great prosperity probably began in about the year 1871 in the great burst of business which followed the conclusion of the Franco-German War."

The following letter was written after T. W. P.'s decision to go to America in July 1857.

July 10th.

My Dear Wife,

My heart was very full yesterday morning, but I managed to keep myself quiet. I was prepared for your own tears, which I was sorry to cause but should have been more sorry to miss, but I was nearly upset by little Chrissie's manifestations of sympathy and little excitement, caught up, she knew not why or how, poor little thing, from the emotion shown by us. Dearest, I believe most sincerely that I am going out in the clear discharge of duty and that the hand of God has led me to this duty and this new step in life for some good purpose of His own—perhaps principally that He may draw me and mine nearer to Him—this is even now working; perhaps also for some important external purpose, as yet hid from us all. It is for us to purify our motives and work at that which is plainly set before us; it is for Him to eliminate the results, for He seeth the end from the beginning.

Don't talk to me of anything which you call selfishness, I know something of what you mean, but I know very well that it is nothing but occasional weakness and weariness. My own darling, you are a sweet good wife, you are wrapt up in the midst of my inmost heart, in my softest tenderest love, and our little ones are there entwined with

you, and so we all go together across the Atlantic and about the new world and back again, if it please God that we be all spared to meet again, as I trust we shall be, to love each other even more closely, to know each other better, and to be much more in each other's company.

My mother might well sometimes be weak and weary. Married in March 1852, at the date of this letter, not five and a half years later, she had four children, the youngest Edmund, whom she was nursing, not two months old.

T. W. P.'s *letters to* M. E. P.

ON BOARD THE "ASIA,"

July 11th, 1857, 1 *p.m.*

My Dearest Mary,

We are fairly off, the Lancashire coast behind us; we have had lunch, and the ship trembles with the engine and rocks just a little; we have a very fine start, light breeze and sunshine. . . .

There are but fifty-nine passengers, which is not half a complement—so we shall be abundantly waited on and attended to. I have secured forward a two-berthed, light, airy cabin to myself. . . . I feel altogether in very good spirits, Heseltine's letter received from London this morning is pretty cheerful.

Lizzie has presented me with a tin of her choice gingerbread, to which I had not the smallest objection. . . . Good-bye, the pilot is just going, I thought he was to be on board an hour yet.

[The above letter had to be thrown after the departing pilot and fell into the sea; it now, after forty-four years,

tastes salt. The next letter describes at length the life on board ship; the "Asia" was a paddle-ship, with old boilers, running at first under 190 knots, but over 300 when her coal grew light. The appointments and cuisine were ample, and by changing his cabin he is glad to have escaped from a cabin mate who was "a *ne plus ultra* smoker and drinker, and of an unclean mind as well." A few brief extracts are given, diary-wise.]

2nd day, Sunday.—Awoke with a slight pitching motion, felt uncomfortable in dressing, did not shave; ate a slight breakfast and soon afterwards parted with it over the stern; felt my stomach an incumbrance all day and ate nothing, lying a long time on the wheel-house, watching the glorious trail of the ship in the water, and admiring in spite of my sickness the fine wild coast of N.W. Ireland. No service on board, because it was so rough and so many people sick; so I was fain to feed on what was in my head—other food, that is of the body, had I none, for I was just entirely empty even of the smallest appetite. Did not dare to go into the saloon, nor into my cabin till I was obliged at night. I could not even read, but just quietly shut up and only half existed. . . . Soon fell asleep, but awoke in the utter darkness with ship pitching, timbers creaking horribly, seas thumping the bows and drenching the deck. It seemed very awful. I thought of accidents happening at such an hour . . . but far more pleasantly of good Mr. Fenn's prayer that I might feel myself to be sailing as it were in the hollow of God's hand, and soon after fell asleep again.

3rd day, Monday.—Still very rough. Steward came to look after me and brought me some tea and dry toast; with a great effort drank a spoonful of tea, took the toast into bed and in two hours nibbled away about half square inch. At 12 o'clock felt hot and smothered, so in desperation jumped out of bed, huddled on the other half of my clothes, and staggered on deck. The air made me better. No lunch,

a spoonful of custard pudding for dinner, tea and buttered toast for tea with some little relish—I was beginning to mend.

4*th day*, *Tuesday*.—To breakfast on tea and toast. Deck all wet with spray, so chose an extempore couch of a long horse-hair cushion on three camp-stools amongst the smokers in the "Fiddly" [amidships] and read *Rachel Cohen* through. How the smokers and the kitchen did smoke me! Surely I never was so dirty in my life; unshaven since Saturday and thoroughly begrimed. . . . At 11 turned in after a good wash—oh, what black water! . . was able to offer my prayers on my knees, earnestly remembering my wife and sweet little ones.

7*th day*, *Friday*.—Weather mild all day and night. About 10 p.m. a sea struck the ship and upset all the candlesticks (which are tall but heavily weighted). I was nearly asleep, but started up at the shock and found a blazing candle about three inches from my nose, with the melted grease dropping from it upon my top-coat, which I had folded up for a pillow.

8*th day*, *Saturday*.—Heavy sea yet, too much spray for the quarter-deck, spent the day in the "Fiddly." In these dull long days I cannot but feel that the sentence of labour on man is mercy as well as judgment, at least as man is and as things are *now*. But in any event . . . we may infer that the infinity of the continuous, hourly works and providence of God is not suggestive of the mere *otium* which many seem to look to as the ultimate blessedness of the saints.

The real smokers smoke all day, morning, noon and night. Their talk when at best is empty, but it is beginning to be much worse than that, and I must leave them. It appears rather too bad that the best place in the ship in bad weather, where you are nearly amidships, . . . should be absorbed all day by those unclean people.

After dusk the saloon fills up better, . . . candle-

sticks are dotted about, . . . and the whole thing looks very comfortable. . . . It is rather a solemn sight as I lie on the leeward side of the saloon, a little before dusk, with the ship rolling, to look up and see unexpectedly through the opposite window a great black roller with ruffled head gazing at you through the opposite window over the ship's depressed bulwark, before burying his great head and shoulders under the ship and giving you a great heave and a twist before he hurries off after his ten thousand forerunners. At such times the comforts and immobility of land and the presence of those most dear to you . . . rise up as very desirable and important.

10*th day, Monday.*—Heavy fog. The Captain up all night. A ship's gong was heard, and the men in the forecastle saw in the mist a three-masted vessel within three lengths of us.

I am sorry to see so much drinking on board. One Englishman is nearly in *delirium tremens;* I think that he drinks in three days, if not in less, an ordinary pailful of wine, beer and spirit mixtures.

14*th day, Friday.*—Pilot came on board. . . . Arrived at the wharf at about 5. Oh, what ghastly white faces they were that came to meet their friends! Is it the New York climate or habits, that makes their faces like corpses? . . . . Took up quarters at the New York Hotel, at $2.75 a day.

[Describing the crowd frequenting entrance of grand hotels.] The large majority smoking all day, loafing, chattering, gossiping, bargaining, plotting, killing time—all sorts of guises, but principally white linen trousers, black coats, straw hats (Panamas) with deep black ribbons, all shapes of beards, but the high style is to shave off the whiskers, etc., leaving only a bunch of beard on the true chin, . . . not a few of them look just as much in place on rich new carpets and ottomans, as a polar bear in

a house of orchids. Now and then one sees in the street some outrageous specimen of humanity, uncouth, ferocious, but whose clothes have cost some money, glaring at you in evident discomfort when he sees you watching him, abounding in physical power, little used to the sight of his fellow men, familiar with wilds beyond the Mississippi, and the most savage and reckless features of white civilisation.

The New York omnibus drivers are the most extraordinary animals: a great proportion without coats, wearing a battered, dirty, steeple-crowned wide-awake, one leg on the small foot-board, the other crossed over it with that leg of the trousers crumpled up to the knee, the body bent forward very much, and the reins and whip held in a slip-slop way; Broadway is half filled with these things. . . . . Of other vehicles there is most extraordinary variety, such queer carts and private cabs on tall, narrow, iron wheels, made, I should think, to obviate somewhat the disgraceful holes in the paving of the second-class streets, holes that would hold five to ten gallons of water. The streets are very dirty, and the busy part of the city infested with every variety of smells. The southern end of Broadway is marred by thousands of ugly staring sign-boards from ground to housetops, but further north . . . . is a good handsome street; and amongst the avenues and squares . . . there is an air of quiet and comfort about the houses, with their little greenplots and the universal Venetian shutters.

July 26th, Sunday.—Attended the Episcopal church, the service was very like our own. This common religion is a beautiful bond, and I felt my soul touched and melted, as I joined with strangers in the same prayers and praises. . . . .

July 27th.—I am now ascending the Hudson River to Albany, and really very beautiful it is, most like South

Devon in many respects, . . . and there are bits very like the Dart.

August 1st.—Here I am at Brantford, safe and well. After landing from the Hudson I made my first acquaintance with the long American cars, having before me a night journey of 298 miles [to Buffalo]. . . . I had a very poor breakfast at an inn there. . . . Found my way to the boat of our Company, and stepped from the boat upon the B. & L.H. Railway. . . . In due time I was at Brantford. I took up my quarters at the Kirby House, and found Mrs. Barlow and her son ; they made me very welcome. The Captain came back about 3 o'clock.

The town of Brantford has some 8,000 inhabitants, but occupies as much space as in England would accommodate four times the number. Sufficient forest is left to make the country around look like a district of beautiful parks without mansions, and you might fancy yourself in one of the loveliest districts of England if the fences were quick wood instead of dead zig-zags, called snake fences. . . . .

Captain Barlow keeps a light carriage and pair of ponies; we had a ten mile drive on Wednesday which I enjoyed exceedingly.

Mrs. Barlow is not very well ; the quarters are not comfortable, and they cannot get a house yet. The hotel is a huge building, large enough to be the principal inn of a town three times as large as Brantford. It is wretchedly managed in every department. . . Barlow says his wife does not get enough to eat, and I must say I was never less tempted to eat too much. We are waited on at table and in our rooms entirely by blacks. . . Our dining-room will hold twenty times as many as are usually in it, and my bedroom in which I now write is about 8yds. square and 14 to 15ft. high.

August 2nd, Sunday.—The mail is in ; many thanks for

your loving letter and for the little memorial of Chrissie's silk-worms. Poor little darlings, how I wish I could have a play with them! Give them all a dozen kisses for me, not omitting the baby, though he knows nothing of my absence.

This is such a nice quiet day here; no train runs, and Mrs. Barlow says . . . there is scarcely an individual to be seen in the streets during service time.

I have been to Stratford, the present terminus of our railway, and eleven miles beyond in a carriage. We passed in railway through a cedar swamp, *i.e.*, marshy ground covered thick with wood, principally cedar; the ditches had in them black water with a profusion of beautiful vegetation and great tufts of ferns, which I wanted to be at. You would just be in love with such a ditch.

The forests are beautiful indeed, wild, thick and tangled of nature's own wanton planting; in some parts the railway runs through forest for miles, about twenty or thirty yards cleared on each side, to keep the trees from falling on the railway or telegraph wire, and there they lie stark dead or dying; in one place the forest had been on fire last year even to the very mould, so that the trees had nearly all fallen, uprearing a mass of matted roots three to ten feet high, roots and trunk all charred and black, it was a strange scene of desolation.

I shall watch for the result of the Atlantic cable laying with great interest; if it succeed perhaps I may send some message to the London Board.

August 12th, Brantford.—[Alluding to his difficulties, as Chairman of the B. & L.H. Co.] I am very angry indeed with the injudicious conduct of Hill and Mackirdy; they are the two most uncomfortable directors I ever had to work with. For when circumstances arise that require dispassionate temper and judgment, they throw themselves into a feverish excitement, and if left to themselves would just ruin the B. & L.H. Co. entirely. . . .

Many thanks, dearest, for your expressions of love. . . . I will try to do my duty and keep myself as cheerful as possible; nevertheless, you must expect that I must sometimes feel worried and sometimes weary, till the consequences of our (H. & P.'s) indiscretions shall have settled down to a more placid stream. . . .

August 14th, Stratford.—Captain Barlow and I have come here to-night that we may start early to-morrow morning for Goderich. The railway at present ends here, but is under construction forty-five miles beyond to Goderich. Since I last wrote we have been to Buffalo again; I am glad to tell you we got what we went for, *viz.*, the consent of the Canal Commissioners, so now we have two or three months' sharp work to get our ferry at work by November 15th. . . .

August 9th, Sunday.—[Only about half of the account of Niagara is here given.] Here I am within a bowshot of the cauldrons of the Niagara, the world's great waterfalls. They are in truth a glorious sight, a mixture of the vast, the solemn, the grand, the graceful. My first study of them was by the moonlight of a perfectly calm night. The deep bed of the stream was all sullen, save a few glancing reflections of moonlight; but the falls and the great filmy masses of foam, one of which stood steadily up double the height of the fall, gently moulding into slight differences of form, were unspeakably soft and graceful, contrasting most delicately with the black masses of tree and cliff in shadow near them.

The daylight view under a bright sun and cloudless blue sky of course does more justice to this great sight. What struck me most now was the intensely bright green of the deep strong mass of waters thrown over the middle of the Horse-shoe Fall, where they plunge almost to the bottom unbroken, flanked on both sides by undulated walls of foam, white as snow, delicate as lace, but streaked here

and there with green where the water is imperfectly broken. As to the spray, I have seen nothing like it; it is attenuated to a light vapour floating slowly and gracefully in great piles and billows and columns, and carried for hundreds of yards by the very light breeze. . . .

I need not say how I am delighted with it. It is a sight to thank God for. Think for what a small part of the world's history has it been known but to savages! "They that go down to the sea in ships, these see the mighty works of the Lord." . . .

You need not be afraid, dear, of my being in love with the Brantford Canadians. America is the place for working men, not for gentlemen; true refinement exists here, I have no doubt, but in small quantities, and it is utterly drowned by coarseness, ignorance and self-conceit. It is astonishing how little the people here know of the great country they so boast of.

Religion, I fear, is at a low ebb; the services and sermons are cold and inanimate. . . . This extensive system of inn life is injurious and hardening; people aggregate but don't associate; they lose the benefits of privacy, and get nothing to compensate. My Sunday consolation is to be quietly by myself, read my Bible occasionally, converse with you and meditate.

Of the forty-five miles to Goderich, fifteen are good, thirty are queer. We shall have our own carriage. The ordinary stage takes about twelve hours in fine weather, and occasionally twenty-four, and oft and oft have the passengers to alight and handle great poles to lift their carriage out of the mud-holes.

This country is a great home for the blacks. I feel proud of my country, standing here alongside the United States and declaring that men of every nation are on her side free. . . I asked Captain Barlow if they got the same wages as the whites. "Oh yes," says he, "a black fellow struck off work the other day on the railway, because I

would not give him above a dollar a day." Oh, you should see some of the black women dressed up; it is really true that in New York you may walk behind some gaily dressed young lady, and when you get up to her you find a great coarse black woman!

August 21st, Cincinnati.—The day for our ride to Goderich was just as fine as could be desired. . . I enjoyed it exceedingly. . . We took up our quarters at Mr. George Brown's, and were most hospitably entertained till Tuesday. On Sunday Barlow and I walked to church, two miles, and back, and had a good view of the harbour and Maitland River. On Monday we had a good examination of the harbour by means of a boat; we met fishing boats bringing in several tons of Lake Huron fish, it bears a high character, and with good cooking both trout and white fish are excellent; at present the value is one to two cents per pound, but I guess the railway will put the price up; now most of it is salted and sold in barrels, and of course spoiled.

What a lovely place to be sure that Maitland valley is! Near the lake it expands into a flat bottom of some 200 acres; part of this is covered with most delicious trees, many of them cedars (*arbor vitæ* of a graceful branching habit) shading a green turf and needing only a little dressing . . . to make an Elysium of shady grove which any nobleman in England might be proud to have in his grounds. Around the bottom runs the clear, gurgling, bright river. Oh, it grieved me to think that a few years will see that particular spot all cleared of its trees and dotted with wa rehouses, a stretch of broad staring daylight!

The return to Brantford occupied all Tuesday. On Wednesday afternoon I left for Detroit, 165 miles west, arriving at 9 p.m. . . I left it at 9 in the morning by the steamboat across the head of the Lake, ninety miles. The water was almost as smooth as a mirror, the sun bright; all about our track were small islands, low and more or less

wooded, asleep on the still waters; our boat stole through as if afraid to make a noise, and all within her in perfect keeping; we had but seven or eight passengers and no conversation. . . . I wrote some long letters, then had one of the usual miserable teas, and at 8.30 started by the night train for Cincinnati, and arrived here at 8. At the Burnet House found Robson waiting for me.

August 27th, Chillicothe, Ohio.—I would write you longer letters now . . . but really with writing business letters, talking, inquiring, observing and travelling, time slips away very quickly. I arrived at Chillicothe from Cincinnati on the 21st, and had a cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; they live in a very good house indeed, but they have not much enjoyment of it, for he is overwhelmed with work and care, infinitely worse than I and my partner. For he represents the debtors [of the M. & C. Co.], and we the creditors—only the other creditors will be very apt to regard H. & P. as their debtors, or at least much to blame. Wall Street is in an utter panic, New York houses failing, and a great Corporation, the Ohio Life & Trust Co., has just suspended payment, producing great excitement, particularly in this State.

I have spent two days at Zaleski; it is a very pretty district, something like the valley of the Exeter and Barnstaple Railway.

August 29th, Dayton.—Mr. Wilson is seriously affected by this Ohio L. T. failure; the trouble for M. & C. Bondholders must be accelerated by this, for it disables him and his friends from tiding things over on credit. . . M. & C. matters are a most tangled skein. . . . How am I to meet the people who, through our recommendation, have their £200 to £5,000 in these Bonds? . . . Some I must indemnify, I think, for my own peace of mind, if my means will allow it. . . . I have told you that I will no longer make reserve between us on these subjects, so I

confess to you my present unhappiness and perplexity. . . . The heat of the battle will be over some day, but my peace must have as a necessary element the sense of having done my duty. I am trying to do it now. . . .

[On September 1st, he left Chillicothe for Canada once more, paying some business calls at Baltimore and New York *en route*, and spending Sunday, September 6th, at Buffalo. His private letter written partly there, partly on the previous Sunday, is a *vox de profundis*, showing how his mind at this time sounded the lowest depth of bitterness, and though too long and too esoteric for quotation in full must not be wholly passed over.]

"My heart in the midst of my body is even like melting wax." . . . "I called upon the Lord, will He not hear me? Hitherto His right hand has rescued me, when I have been brought low. I will therefore trust in Him, though I walk in darkness."

Perplexed with things that are too many for me, I am full of anxious care and vivid appreciations of future worry, reproaches and discomfort. . . .

I have been sinful and wayward and foolish. . . Why was I so easily tempted by interested statements? Why did I lay the temptation before others relying on an amount of prudence in me which I ought to have known I did not possess?

. . . It is one of my thoughts in putting down these my confessions, that it is well to make a record of our storms and humiliations, that in comparative prosperity, if it please God to send it, we may not forget the deep feelings that were aroused in us in the day of discipline.

Is it not well sometimes to be alone in trouble? To have none but God to turn to? . . .

September 6th.—Another week has passed. Sometimes I have been plunged in deep distress and bitterness, at other times my load has been lifted for a few hours. . .

I shall be better soon, I am better now than a week ago. I have had a sharp struggle with my adversary, and my faith is not broken. I shall be better when I can brood less, and have something active to do. These long journeys with no companion are not good for a man under a heavy cloud. . . .

When the storm does pass away, may the sunshine be the light of God's reconciled countenance! My own dear wife, my love, my life, it is already a solace and joy to me to feel that one result of this terrible shaking is that you and I are to live closer together, to know one another better. As for us and our house, we will serve the Lord.

September 13th, Brantford.—I am greatly concerned for my father and sisters. They have much of their money in American property, which I thought of the most unassailable character; amongst them some Marietta bonds. . .

Little Chrissie is indeed getting on nicely to be able to write me so nice a letter. I send her one in reply.

September 20th, Brantford.—I have been very flat lately, pondering and doubting (instead of trusting in God) and overwearying myself with all sorts of calculations. If it were not for Captain Barlow, who is a very good fellow indeed, I should be very much distressed; seeing how anxious I am, he comes in to the rescue and draws me to look at the brighter side of the picture. . . . . But what a thankless creature I am! when I read of the horrors in India, how light ought any mere loss of property of myself or friends to appear, while my wife and dear little ones are alive and safe! . . . Often and often have I thought of the humility and poverty of our Lord upon earth, and of His example going about doing good. . . I may be going to be tried with what grace I can step down to a humbler level. My sweet love, are you ready for it? Can you reconcile yourself to feel that it is God's doing, and forgive me? . . . .

And if it should please Him that the storm pass away, let us feel that all we have, be it much or little or that desirable thing which is neither poverty nor riches, is His giving, to be used thankfully.

M. E. P. *to* T. W. P.

[Of *her* letters of July to September 1857, only three are preserved, all written in September, of which the last was too late to have been sent.]

September 8th, St. Leonard's.—We are now much more comfortable in our new lodgings [Eversfield Place]. The large front bedroom makes a beautiful room for Fanny and the three children ; I have the room behind it with the baby. Lizzie and Rachel have small *entresol* rooms. Chrissie and May sleep in a bed together; they look so very pretty asleep. One day I found them with their little hands clasped, close together in a deep sleep. I pray that God may make these two little sister souls grow up very fondly attached to each other. We have a cheerful window, and the children are extremely amused with watching the passers-by, the band, lamplighters, and vendors of shrimps, muffins, etc. Chrissie bathes, so she will get well pickled. . . Aunts Priestley and Sophia are now in lodgings very near us. Last Monday we joined in a drive to Old Roar, taking little Chrissie, who entertains her great-aunts very much. Little Charley likes his sea-side life very much, and says wa-wa for the sea. May is still rather poorly. Chrissie went to church with us last Sunday, at dear old All Saints' ; she behaved pretty well, but says all the responses she can catch up in a *very* audible voice, which does not promote the devotion of her neighbours.

September 9th.—To-day Charley threw a new ball from the esplanade into the sea and seemed to think he had done a very fine thing. May watches all the creatures

that pass, a fat goat, some mules, a spotted white donkey, but she does not like this high wind at all.

Lizzie's love; she is a *great* comfort to me.

September 16th, St. Leonard's.—My dearest Tom, do not apologise—indeed your letters are fully as long as ever I expected them to be, and even more affectionate. It does really almost seem to me that you take a morbidly exaggerated view of your responsibilities as to these railway properties. What you did you did in all good faith, the friends you persuaded . . . knew these were speculative undertakings. You have entered largely yourself and have worked hard and unsparingly. I don't think you need tease your poor conscience with loading on it so much obligation. . . .

As for me I never felt less anxious about our domestic happiness and prosperity. . . . I think God will bless one like you with *ultimate* peace and success too. . . .

It is of course a great disappointment to us all to find that you contemplate such a delay as to wait for the equinoctial gales being over; the time of their occurrence is so very uncertain. We have had broken weather, but the life and stir of this place are a refreshing change after the dreary summer solitudes of Blackheath Park, this summer of course worse than usual. We are not above small pleasures and idling about the esplanade Chrissie does all she can to prove she is capable of sharing our pleasure. May went to church last Sunday afternoon with me for the first time; she liked it all very much except the sermon, which was a great trial to her patience. Little Charley looks very brown and bright; he is rather stronger; he tries to imitate the cries of the people (oysters, muffins, etc.) in the most funny way; he remembers you still and makes us understand that you are over the sea and will play at puff-puff when you come home. The baby also grows very nicely, and is such a good little fellow.

Mr. Heseltine has sent me a large packet of letters from

you to himself and the Railway Board. . . I hope when you come home there will be forgiveness on both sides. . That obnoxious minute they sent out was injudicious in itself and rude to you to the utmost, but you must remember it was not so meant. They sought to save you the odium of a step which they in their weak alarm feared would be necessary, and which they knew would be painful to you.

September 27th, St. Leonard's.—Though it is too late to write to you, and your letter [of September 6th] must remain unacknowledged, yet I cannot help writing a few words about the precious enclosure it contained. Nothing you have ever done or written or said has given me such earnest joy or caused such intense thankfulness to God, as this outpouring of your most secret heart; and while it is yet fresh I want to tell you so, and to speak to you as truthfully as you have to me. Oh, I thank God for this deep spiritual experience which in His mercy He has led you through, and which you have unfolded to me. I mean the heartfelt and self-abasing conviction of sin and utter helplessness, which drives a man close to his Saviour. You must understand, dearest, that I know from the bottom of my heart *every* experience which you have described, and that we are fellow-pilgrims entirely now, though we may have arrived at the same point by somewhat different roads. . . . What I have suffered has led me to feel deeply that if God will only spare to me my *real* treasures, you and the children, and not break into the little household circle, or let sickness invade it, any other trouble He could inflict would be light indeed. And as for the loss of substance or station, my courage does not flinch from that. . . Oh, *how* much worse it would be to lose a little child!

[Between the above series and the ensuing one only a few weeks intervened.]

T. W. P. *to* M. E. P.

ON BOARD THE "AMERICA."

November 21st, 1857.

My Dearest Mary,

I am beginning my letters this time early, so that I may not have occasion to throw any of them into the sea on their way to post.

. . . . "Thy will be done" is a hard saying sometimes . . . but the cup set before us we must drink; if we take it as given in love, the medicine is sweetened and will bring health some day; but at present bitterness prevails. . . . When the trial is over, I shall, no doubt, see that it was all rightly sent, and I may see so much as to be very thankful that it was so heavy. . . .

I hope and trust that you will get on pleasantly at Ripon. . . . Your absence from your own friends is necessarily a grief and a trial; you have borne it bravely, . . . and I thank you most sincerely, dearest, for your courage and love and patience and avoidance of reproaches.

November 29th, SS. "America."—Again two-thirds of the breadth of the Atlantic rolls between us, and thank God I am so far safe. . . . It is now very fine for the season, but . . . good weather in November and in July are two very different things. There is a corresponding decrease of comfort. . . . We are just now coming on the banks of Newfoundland, the thermometer has gone down to 24½° and a small snow is falling,

December 6th, Brantford.—After a favourable voyage . . . we reached Boston about 10 on Thursday night; next morning it was thoroughly cold, with bright sunshine.

. . I left at 3 o'clock for Buffalo, 550 miles in twenty-two hours. While it was daylight, the aspect of the country under the bright sun was delightful . . . undulating, with a great many small lakes, rough and shaggy in part, and interspersed with pretty white villages. Then followed darkness, then moonlight. . . I had no proper breakfast, and was glad of dinner at Buffalo. Captain Barlow turned up about 3 o'clock. I saw our landing works at Buffalo and the new ferry-boat with 700 or 800 hogs on board, and again at night nearly covered with barrels of flour; came on to Brantford by the night train.

[The above letter is accompanied by one marked "private," written in the same key as that of November 21st, of profound religious submission to divine chastisement. It "may be read in part to Rose or Lizzie, my confidantes of old, before I ever saw you, but not so fully and unreservedly as you are now."]

December 11th, Philadelphia.—Here I am in the Quaker City, at La Pierre House. You will please note that our hotel cultivating cousins don't insult their great establishments by such names as the George and Blue Boar, the Elephant and Castle, the Boar's Head, the Spotted Cow, the Fish, the Crab and Lobster, the Castle and Falcon, the Golden Cock, and such like atrocities—they are more genteel; we have here a few Hotels, but generally "Houses," and names with a French twist seem most eligible. We have Trenton House, Rivère House at Boston, Astor House, *the* St. Nicholas, New York Hotel and La Farge House at New York, Girard House and La Pierre House at Philadelphia, Burnet House at Cincinnati. Well, I am at La Pierre House, and a very excellent house it is, good food, good rooms, and all clean except the tobacco smoke in the news-room. My bed-room is only up two flights, has gas in it, and the bed in a recess which shuts

in with folding doors. I can sit here for hours together without being cold; for the hotels are all warmed throughout (warmer than our rooms ever are, away from the fire); it does not feel at all cold when I get up in the morning. But the weather itself is not cold yet.

On Monday evening I came from Brantford to Buffalo and slept. At 6.30 on Tuesday morning I booked to New York. At Syracuse I did a stupid thing. As the train was stopping a man walked through the car repeating that we stayed there ten minutes; so I walked into the street for three or four minutes, and returning, found the train had gone. I then found that in all probability the man, whom I had taken for the conductor (conductors here wear no livery), was a refreshment-room touter. I had to telegraph to the next stopping-place (Rome!) to have my bag and wraps taken out, and going on by the next train found them all right.

On Wednesday at noon I arrived at New York, a pouring wet day. I wanted to see the President of the Erie R.R., but he was not at home till Friday. So I left for Philadelphia in the evening.

Here I have called on the President of the Pennsylvania Road, and find for consolation of Pennsylvania shareholders that they now expect the stoppage of one half year's dividend will be sufficient; also the seven per cent. on Reading preference, though unpaid, must accumulate, and in January, 1859, three half-years will be paid together. This you can tell Rose and Lizzie. . .

Philadelphia is really a very fine city. It is a practical illustration of the right angle; all the streets cross each other at 90°, you grow weary of it, and long for acute angles and curves. A splendid street called Broad Street, 110 feet wide, with a double rail-track down the middle, intersects nearly the middle of the city from north to south, and all the parallel streets are called by numbers, First, Second, Fifteenth, Eighteenth, etc.; another wide street

called Market Street runs through from east to west, and the parallel streets are called principally by *tree* names, such as Walnut, Chestnut, etc. At night, when you can't read the name-boards, the corners are very puzzling. In first seeking for 70, Walnut Street, the first number I saw was 1338; 70 was at the other end!

There is something very queer and old-world-like in the shops and market customs. Market Street really is a market street; it is a hundred feet wide. I suppose it is two miles long. Down the middle of nearly the whole length is a series of market sheds, with intervals where streets cross; many of them are meat-market places, but all wares are removed at night; and they form, except the gaps, a covered walk all the way down the street. The shopkeepers put their wares out on the foot-ways, and a great proportion of the shops seem expressly laid out for the wants of a rural population. In passing along Second Street this morning I found a most quaint spectacle; one side of it was entirely lined for half a mile with covered four-wheel carts of country people, who bring all sorts of country fare that you can imagine; the whole thing and the people, both buyers and sellers, had an air of rural antiquity which would match in quaintness the most rustic old market in England, but on a scale utterly outstripping anything of the kind in the old country. There were certainly some hundreds of carts in that one narrow street, and this only a part of Philadelphia's supplies—how the Philadelphians must eat and drink! And indeed I do believe the Americans are very extravagant in their consumption. In the style of marketing and shopping the impress is still retained which would be given by British emigrants in the primitive old times.

Philadelphia burns anthracite coal and is almost smokeless. What a difference between its bright atmosphere and our smoky large towns in England! I am very well impressed with this city; New York I cannot learn to like.

If William Penn could visit this place again, I should like to walk round with him and hear his remarks on the growth of the city and the decadence of Quakerism, on railways and steam-boats, on fashion and frivolity, on churches, theatres, concerts and balls, and far worse things. Shade of Penn, if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise! Nevertheless, it is a very respectable city, and perhaps less wicked than the average of large crowded places. I believe some little of the spirit of Penn still leavens the crowd of Philadelphians.

December 13th, Philadelphia.—[A quiet Sunday.] Philadelphia abounds in churches; a certain amount of religion seems as fashionable here as in England. . . . . The attendance at an Episcopal church, where they have prayers almost identically like our own, surplices, black gowns, etc., is about the most homelike thing I experience on this continent.

It is now late, and I have to rise at 6 in the morning; with you it is already 3 a.m., my spirit is at your side watching the slumbers of you and baby in the dim light; then it flits to the other three little ones, often and often. God bless you all, and me with you, now and for ever. . . .

December 14th, Altoona, Penns. R.R.—Left Philadelphia this morning at 7.30. . . We are gradually getting into the outlying irregularities connected with the Alleghany range, and when you have left the Susquehanna and get fairly hemmed into the valley of its tributary, the Juniata, winding for miles and miles, where there is scarcely room for even a single-track railway besides the river and canal, there is something indeed worth seeing. I was particularly fortunate this afternoon. I rode on the engine (having a written order) and when at the head of a long valley, say six or eight miles, had a most gorgeous back prospect [here he describes a great sunset effect]. . It was five minutes of effulgent glory, heavens and earth

together were telling the glory of God. Is it not a proof that we are His offspring, that the manifestations of beauty in which He has condescended to reveal His own choice and pleasure . . . should awaken in us the fitly corresponding emotions of delight? The western sky was also most beautiful and so were the undulating hills below it, but that long ridge of lovely purple rising above the shade and the green tree-clusters eclipsed all else, and will live in my memory while I can remember the name of Juniata.

December 15th.—Slept last night at Altoona, a new workshop settlement of the Pennsylvania railway. It is "at the foot of the mountain" but yet 1,200ft. above the sea. From this point the railroad has to climb 800ft. in twelve miles to pass the mountains; views very beautiful and scarcely like winter, for the sky was cloudless and the sun bright and warm, after a frosty night. At Altoona I had a walk through the workshops with the superintendent. Arrived at Pittsburg at 2 p.m.—a wretched, smoky, filthy town, far worse than any in England; it seemed miles and miles before that atmosphere was decent again. Soon it was dark and nothing to be seen but the occasional glance of a light in the waters of the Ohio, on whose bank we travelled for seventy-three miles.

December 16th.—After some hesitation I made up my mind to travel all night to Cincinnati. The car into which we changed at Columbus is a sort of infernal machine got up to try what people can bear. There is some sort of fireplace *below the floor of the car*, with a grating over it, so that you actually walk over a great blazing wood fire, so placed that the heat but not the smoke passes through the grate. The place I had to take was two or three seats off this furnace; I was obliged to hang my handkerchief over my head on one side and set the little window open on the other.

At Cincinnati I found smoke and fog and Robson ; a letter from Wilson inviting me to his house, where I have come.

December 19th, Zaleski.—On December 17th I had a long interview with the M. & C. Board ; they are run out, done up, exhausted. They have got the Company into a great mess, a deep thorough involved mess, hundreds of labourers in arrear of wages, threatening to stop trains, not working half as they should do—yet the Company dare not dismiss them ; so the score runs on, and the work done is very dear—parts of the line in wretched order and not fit for traffic. A crisis must come before long ; perhaps it may hasten a better state of things. I am very much perplexed and dreary about it. Zaleski too has "outrun the constable" and wants a few thousand pounds more. Yet nothing can be got here; the banks are all crushed down and incapable, some of them staggering along merely and ought to shut up. . . God help me through all this trouble!

Posts are very bad here. . . There is but one train passing Zaleski each way per day. . . Clay and slush very bad at Zaleski, but America may be said to be almost unroaded, except by railroads; people can travel in dry weather and in snow, intermediate times are wretched both for highways and byways. . .

December 20th, Zaleski.—I have opened with Mr. and Mrs. Robson the subject of meeting together to recognise the day [Sunday] as a religious one. I suggested a beginning in Robson's house just with the people connected with the Company, and gradually increasing. I found Robson a little shy of it, . . I suspect from a fear that it would not be earnest ; *she* is willing and wishful for it.

December 23rd.—Want of money is very uncomfortable, every day people coming for their accounts, and can't

have them paid. I hate it from my heart. I have to work very hard this week to get up accounts and a Report for England and an appeal for money. . . Wilson has pursued a rash, go-ahead at all hazards policy, hoping to force revenue this summer and build up a credit; but instead there is utter collapse and prostration. I have a clear perception of the moral wrong they have done, borrowing and buying on credit, when their eyes must have been open to the jeopardy. The temptation to people perplexed and worried is very great, but God save me from now or hereafter yielding to it. It has just been before my eyes in B. & L.H. matters. At all hazards of approval or the reverse, I have written to Barlow to do that which is frank and honorable. Some may say, you must not take upon you to govern a Company by your own notions of conscientiousness; my reply is that a Company must not expect me to trample down my sense of right and wrong. . . If it please God, I will be out of it all, as soon as I can consistently with my duty. . .

It wants but twenty-four hours of Christmas. Good Mrs. Robson is preparing to give us beef and turkey and plum-pudding. . . . By a mistake there are two dead turkeys in the house and a live one out-of-doors; prices sixty-two to seventy-five cents, and till Xmas thirty-five to forty cents. Fine fowls are fifteen cents! . .

Now to bed . . to get the good sleep which, thank God, I scarcely ever miss, in spite of my distressing burdens.

December 27th, Zaleski.—We have this morning [Sunday] made a beginning of "assembling ourselves together"; we met in Robson's sitting-room. . . .

Robson has a great desire to get an Episcopal church built, and has been figuring how much a small stone building will cost.

I go on very pleasantly here, and am not likely any-

where in my travels to find more comfortable quarters. . The house is not yet fully furnished.

December 28th.—I have come on to Chillicothe this evening, train two hours and a half late, to travel otherwise than slow on the bad parts of the line is really dangerous. . . I cannot see any sufficient hope that any mere forbearance of the bond-holders can extricate the Company. . . . I expect this week to get hold of some of the Directors separately, apart from Wilson (who has ruled the roost), and find out their thoughts about the future.

December 30th, Cincinnati.—A pouring rain all day. It will wash away at a guess some one-eightieth part of all the M. & C. embankments, one-twentieth of some of them! . . . It is quite amusing to go through an American book-store and see the very large proportion of reprints of English books, all our poets, historians, great essayists and novelists.

[To the above letter is appended a private one to his wife, in which he deplores the sorrow and loss of home which his imprudence has brought on her, but exhorts her to patience and resignation, and speaks of the relief he himself finds in submission.]

But then you will say "If I had but you with me I will bear all else." Thank you, love, for accepting me so fully as your chief element of earthly happiness. But cheer up daily and hourly; each day's work done . . . will make the next day's work more easy to go through. . . I picture your sad times when bitterness is uppermost . . . but really how much worse trials might be sent us! . . .

January 1st, 1858, *Zaleski.*—Mechanics have struck at Chillicothe for arrears of pay; trains stopped. . .

January 4th, Zaleski.—If I may make amusement out of

grave matters, I can give you some this week. The engine-drivers and some of the mechanics at Chillicothe workshops made up a strike last Friday (January 1st) for arrears of wages. The news was telegraphed to the Directors at Cincinnati. Mr. Wilson was there, and so was I and Mr. Nye. Expecting a stoppage of all trains, an engine then at Cincinnati was pressed to take us three and Barnes, the Superintendent, and Smith, the Secretary, to Chillicothe. We had a car attached, but Barnes helped to drive the engine, and a Conductor helped to fire up. At one place where we stopped to take wood . . . *Punch* might have made up a fine satire if he could have seen us —the Superintendent driving, a Conductor stoking, the President and another Director and the Secretary and the Representative of the Bondholders pitching wood into the tender.

When we arrived within about 100 yards of the station at Chillicothe, the rebels unloosed the engine, put off the Superintendent, and carried it off to their citadel; we retired to Mr. Wilson's house and talked things over. Two days before some very ill-advised person had put a few gossiping lines in a Cincinnati paper about my presence in the country *re* M. & C. matters, with some rubbish about early payment of operators' wages; I was afraid it might do mischief, and I believe it has done. On Saturday morning we went down to the station; I found that the Mayor with two or three Directors about him was addressing the rebels, and requiring them to withdraw from the Company's premises, he was treated with about as much respect as you may expect for a Mayor who has no police at his back. Directly after I appeared on the skirts of the crowd, a fellow cried out "We're working for the bondholders, and we mean to be paid." This was clearly aimed at me, so I stopped on the platform of the car, which had been the Mayor's rostrum, and proceeded to disabuse these engineering gentlemen of their impression that they were working

for the bondholders; next, to prove to them that, as the railway is barely paying its way, it is working mainly for them, the employés; that it matters little to the bondholders whether the road be open or shut, if it is earning no nett revenue. . . I reminded them of the difficulty of getting new work while railway companies on all sides are economising and dismissing hands, and that they had better, if the road would not earn more, take seventy or eighty per cent. on their nominal wages (which are very high) than be earning nothing. . . A suggestion was made that a few of them should confer with the Directors; they replied "we have a committee of five, they may confer." They were invited to come into the car on which we stood. "No," said the impudent fellows, "we have a car of our own, you come into it." This was resolutely declined, so the five conceded and came in to us; hats on and legs stretched out, they sat on one side; for three-quarters of an hour (during all which time the train for Zaleski was detained for me) did we parley; at last I left—I thought them silenced, and that the result would be a return to work, but this morning I hear it is not so. They have hitherto allowed two or three mail trains; we shall be in a pretty pickle as to moving about, getting letters, etc., if the line be shut up. . . .

January 5th.—The trains are now stopped; we are blocked in. Our most available mode of getting out seems to be a hand-car, or small low truck. . . Some men here are trying to get one, and about half a dozen of us may be making the attempt to-morrow to get over forty miles so. . . .

All this bother is, I trust, working out some good; it at least paves the way for a new state of things, draws the sting from the interference of the bondholders, and shows the stockholders and creditors the true state of the case. . . .

January 6th.—We came twenty-eight miles by an engine this morning, which most opportunely appeared at Zaleski from the east [carrying a Director from Marietta]. About twelve miles from this we met two of the Company's officers, who wanted the engine to go back east, and we took the hand-car they had brought. It took fourteen of us; it is worked by levers and cranks and moved at about ten miles an hour.

January 9th, Buffalo—I came from Chillicothe to Columbus on the 7th in stage, on what Americans call a good gravelled road, forty-five miles, nine hours. Slept at Columbus, inn full, had a bed at top of house in "ball-room," very rough. . . Telegraphed to Captain Barlow to meet me here.

Buffalo & L.H. matters look very unsatisfactory, *Entre nous*, my dear, I fear it must break down. This is a black day with me, and it is just as much as I can do not to break down myself. . . .

January 15th, Philadelphia.—On Monday, Captain Barlow and I had a big talk [at Brantford]. I told him he must go to England and lay all the state of affairs before the Proprietors. It was all but arranged. And go he must. . . I know I am charged with being his apologist through thick and thin, but he must go home and establish his own relations without my presence. He must fight his own battle. . . .

I left Brantford on the 12th, examined our ferry works at Buffalo in the afternoon, left for Philadelphia at 6, arrived at Elmira at 12.45 night, wrote a letter to our Buffalo contractors to disapprove their working on Sundays, went to bed at 2, rose at 6.30; finally reached Philadelphia at 8.30 p.m. That day's ride was a refreshment, passing for scores of miles through the mountains and mountain air and sunshine of the Alleghanies. No other passenger seemed to show the least delight, but I drank in health and

vigour, and thanked God for preserving us something of our mother earth suggestive of nobler thoughts than crops and markets and dollars and dividends, albeit all these things are very necessary. . . .

I am drawing up an appeal on M. & C. matters to be printed and sent to all the American proprieters of M. & C. shares, prior to their meeting in about three weeks. I intend to be present, to see if I can't get a lift to the M. & C. line that way. . . .

The M. & C. strike is over—the men surrendered last Sunday night, and I hear they are very much subdued. They were very much startled by the U.S. Marshal with a *posse* of men, who arrested thirty-four of them on a charge of stopping the mails, and carried them off to Cincinnati, but the prosecution dropped because the Directors were appeased by the thorough submission of the men.

January 17th, Sunday, Philadelphia.—After [describing a "flutter and tumult" caused in him by rumours of a transient rise in London of B. & L. H. stocks, he proceeds :] Well, I hardly know how it is. I don't want to be rich, but I do shrink from open humiliation and pecuniary embarrassment. It is very easy to say "Thy will be done," and sometimes to fancy that we mean it, but in our inmost hearts we are very apt to say what little May says in her innocence, "*Our* will be done."

Perhaps before you get this you may have let the house further to the Skinners. I should say it might be let to them for two months more at a medium rent. . . . I assure you, dear, when I left our Blackheath house on November 14th, I did it under the fullest conviction that my means would not justify my returning to it; and *still my judgment*, acting upon stern figures, *says the same thing*, even should the very worst I dreaded be averted. But if things should turn out *much* better, I should naturally rejoice to go back with you. Now, my dearest, do not let

this faint hope mislead you. . . . If, by December 31st, Heseltine have not made very considerable progress in selling B.B. & G. deferred bonds, there certainly is great danger of drifting on the rocks.

January 18th.—I was rather melancholy at the tone of your former letter; this (of December 20th) reads more cheerful. You were fretting before, and kicking somewhat; you feel yourself in a dock, want to be more active, with your old associations about you. *I* would fain be in dock and quiet and under authority; but I am compelled to be active and take up distracting responsibility. We are being disciplined by opposites. . . . Perhaps we are both going through the wilderness. Do not many of His people go through the wilderness? [He instances Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah.] . . . . Nay, if it be a question of merit, what do we deserve of the mercies left us? Oh, my sweet wife and children, our lot is still very favoured compared with that of many. What acute misery and suffering there is in the world, if we could but see it! *We don't* see enough of it. Is not Christ looking for more of our ministrations to Him through his brethren, that are hungry or naked or in prison? . . . .

January 24th, Philadelphia.—My days in Philadelphia seem *so* quiet. About every other day I see Mr. Thomson or others at the Pennsylvania Co.'s Office for perhaps half an hour; the rest of my time I am practically alone, reading or writing or walking [and preparing for company meetings]. Mr. T. has put down my name at the Athenæum, where there is a news-room and a library. . . three-quarters of their libraries are reprints of English books. [After serious reflections upon human life in general and at Philadelphia he proceeds:] I have often thought of my mother lately and that her prayers for her little boy and my present discipline have some connexion. . . . It is 33 years since she died and my memories of her are not

many—the tallness of her figure and her grave piety are the principal points engraved on my memory. That piety is a sweet and fragrant remembrance. God grant that our children may have as worthy remembrance of us! . . .

January 30th.—If there is *good* ground for hoping that we may go back to Blackheath, don't sell the piano. But note, E. H. makes himself sure that all danger is past upon grounds that don't satisfy me.

January 31st, Philadelphia.—I cannot yet see how long I may be kept in America. You may be certain that I shall spare no effort to get away as soon as I can. . . . I know that at a certain point my fitness to be the agent of the M. & C. bondholders ceases. At that point I intend to say, "My part is done; another sort of man is wanted now and must be appointed. I am not a railway manager." . . . . [After discussing the proposal that she should go out to join him, and the difficulty of leaving the children:] Moreover I feel yet almost paralysed from planning anything, . . . till I hear of further progress from H. in clearing up. When I left England, we owed about £25,000. He has now been selling all he could for six or seven weeks, and (I gather) has reduced it to £18,000; but every sale is of that which is most saleable, and the least saleable remains. . . . .

I have had two or three good long turns at the *Times* down at the news-room here. The bravery and endurance elicited by the Indian mutiny is really something wonderful. It is very little spoken of here, the root of which silence is jealousy. Poor Havelock! . . . Poor Lady Havelock! Is it or is it not a comfort that England mourns with you?

February 5th, Columbus.—I reached Buffalo on February 3rd, at 1, but it was 4 before I could find Mr. Rumsey. . . . He was left by Captain Barlow in a fix for money, the B. & L.H. Co. beset by creditors.

I had several hours' talk with him, and arrived at a conviction that Barlow's dynasty must be ended! I spent yesterday morning in writing a long letter to the London Board accordingly; this afternoon another. These things gave me a pretty considerable harrowing.

[It is Friday evening; he has to consult Judge Thurman on M. & C. legal matters, then write fully to E. H., then at 1 a.m. start by train for Zaleski, and be up all night.] I left Zaleski more than four weeks since, with a few things in my black bag, expecting to be away some ten or twelve days; what a long time a black-bag-full may serve! Last night I slept at Cleveland on Lake Erie, a dirty, smoky place. My health is exceedingly good; it would not do to be ill in an American hotel, for there never seems to be a comfortable female to nurse an invalid there.

February 12th, Chillicothe.—All day yesterday, except for two or three hours' business discussion, and all day to-day have I been writing letters, till I am weary of it. I have saved yours till the last (11 p.m.) because I knew it would be a sort of refreshment. . . .

Captain Barlow has turned out unworthy of trust. . . .

What with one thing and another and another and another, I felt yesterday like one walking in a bog with no notion of its extent or of the way out. . . . At last, after a great effort and an earnest prayer . . . I had some respite.

February 21st, Zaleski.—We have winter now, with some three inches of snow; it is snowing now.

The past week has been one of some adventure. On Monday (15th) I arranged that Robson's brother, the Captain, should go with me to Marietta for help and company. At 12.30 we went by train twenty miles to Athens. I have a slight acquaintance with a M. & C. Director there, and we spent two or three hours in the evening at his house, but had no offer of hospitality. So we returned

to mine inn, but it was no place for me to take mine ease. With the exception of a bit of steak about the size of my middle finger, there was nothing fit to eat. The sleeping accommodation was a room 4¼ yds. × 2½ × 2¼, with two beds, in one of which the Captain and I must sleep together, while the other had in it the young gent who sells newspapers in R.R. cars. He went to bed at 7, and was in bed snoring at 7 a.m.; we went at 11 and rose at 6. One washing basin for all three, a towel already very dirty, no soap (luckily I had some), no jug. Robson managed with great difficulty to get my boots cleaned, but not his own. The breakfast was bad in almost every respect, and I ate almost nothing. . . . At 8 the train was to start for Marietta; some carpentering had to be done to a car, and we actually started at 9.30, after being at the station two hours. We started with about twelve people. First six miles all right—road pretty good to Warren's (the name of a town here is made from a man's + s); at that point is a great trestle, 1000ft. long, 60 high—so *we* got out to walk. At the other end the train stopped to take us in. Within twenty yards, the track there being in a wretched state, the first of the freight cars got off the rails, and was nigh tumbling down the bank (the train was four freight cars, one baggage and one passenger car). We left them getting it on and walked on for a mile; they then overtook us, ascending the heavy temporary grade over a tunnel yet unfinished of 200ft. to the mile; we rode again for a quarter of a mile. Then the engine had to be content with three of the six cars to climb the hill, and run to the next station, New England, and thence to return for the others. So we walked to New England and there took the cars again; rode three miles, and then another car got off track very badly, and was near rolling over a bank. This was evidently a long business to set right, so we set off to walk again; a mile and a half further we called at a house in search of food; it was far from being the first accident

that had brought the people such guests. Well, we had some food—I will only say the bread was the worst I ever saw. Then we resumed march and walked 5½ miles to Cutler's, but no train appeared, here one of two men who walked with us gave in, the other, Brown, walked on with us. In two miles we came to a hand-car, and got three men to run us on 1½ miles, and then we found another with four men who were willing to carry us further. They pumped us along to Vincent's, 3m., and being very ready to go on, I agreed with them to go to Moore's, 4m., and there, although it was dark, as they were still very game, we decided to go right on to Marietta. We arrived there at 8.15. This express work and the four men's provisions for the night cost me 5½ dollars. We travelled sometimes down grades at twenty miles an hour speed, and were four times off the track. The engine with the few remaining passengers, but without any cars, reached Marietta at 1.30 a.m. after six other mishaps. It spent all next day in fetching the cars, then had a day's holiday; on Friday it set off to return, broke down by getting off the track badly, and that is the last I know of it. The attempt to run trains thus is absurd and highly culpable. I am utterly disgusted at the Directors and their officers for such reckless disregard of life and property. Every dollar they earn costs five in damage to road and rolling stock. . . .

At Marietta I stayed at Mr. Putnam's; my room was so cold, it was just like sleeping out of doors on a sharpish calm night. My fire kept in all night, and yet the water was frozen, and after I had washed, froze in the basin. I had a long talk with him on Wednesday night, expressed freely my distrust in Wilson, and my observation of the inexperience of the whole Board. None of them have fully comprehended their work. [Stigmatizes Wilson's ruinous policy.]

On Thursday afternoon we started to walk back to Athens along the railway. . . . That afternoon we

reached Vincent's, thirteen miles, and slept at Vincent's house near the station. We had food of the average sort, and spent the evening with the family in their little kitchen with six doors into it, 10ft. 6in. square at the most, compensated by a hot wood fire on dogs. We were indulged with a bedroom each, and a clean towel. On Friday morning we had three hours' rain, through which we walked on slippery snow, seventeen miles, and very hard work it was; for we did not dare to walk the trestles—they were so slippery with frozen rain and snow slush. About every half mile we had to scramble down and up a ravine, banks 30 to 100ft. deep, banks all slippery with snow and ice, and often to scramble up on hands and feet. Such baggage as we had we carried with us chiefly in our pockets; the climbing kept us in perspiration the whole time. On Friday night we found hospitality near New England station, and as it was given gratis and cordially I will not criticise it. We started at a quarter to 7 a.m. to walk ten miles on the snow and ice to Athens, but when half-way found a stray engine sent out to pick up wrecked cars, and impressed it to carry us to Athens. Thence by train to Zaleski—*safe* and in high health. . . .

February 22nd.—[After a snowy night.] The amphitheatre seen from this house, all covered with pure white, is exceedingly beautiful, . . . the air pure and transparent, the sky cloudless save a few light streaks, pink at sunset. Wheels are all discarded now, and sleighing in full fashion. It will be very cold before morning.

February 23rd.—Indeed it has been cold. My fire was alight till 2 or 3 o'clock, but the water was thick frozen. But the sun shines lovely this morning, the snow is all off the roof of the house, and the shingles steamed freely under the sun-heat. It is warm as our April sun, but the north-east breeze blows shrewd. The whole effect is exhilarating. [Speaking of the degeneracy of Americans in mind and

body.] The morals of their public men are at a pitiably low ebb; the paths of legislation and high office are abandoned by the more honourable. . . . Sordid self-interest and disregard of the public weal are the rule of action, only controlled by some educational or religious zeal, religion highly sectarian in character, and which consists with hard trading and outwitting. And yet they are a simple, gullible people, trusting one another in money matters to a foolish extent, easily imposed upon; plundered by fearful retail profits, and ready so to plunder others; cheated by adulteration and ready to adulterate. Huge frauds, which would make the *Times* shout, die out of memory here after a little smoke. "Deceit and guile depart not from her streets." . .

February 24th, Chillicothe.—I must begin to accept somewhat of E. H.'s reiterated assurances that he will pull through; better were it a fact accomplished.

February 28th, Zaleski.—No daylight in M. & C. matter. The tone taken by Wilson, if I cannot break it down, may destroy all chance of immediate success of my errand. The success of the Erie Co. and others in getting financial relief has set him half wild with the idea that some great financial feat might yet be accomplished by him. . . . I am not going to stay here to conduct a law-suit. . . . Sharp trial and mental suffering have not purified his motives. . . He rules his Board, and none of them has the strength and honesty united to stand up to him. . . In his eager, impetuous determination to finish his R.R. to Marietta his motive is, in truth, not to save the property of his constituents and friends, but to restore his own prestige at their risk. . . .

I feel very desirous, before I leave, to insure the erection of a small church here, to hold, say, 200 people, for £200. [He estimates that if the Co. will give timber, most of the amount might be subscribed there and in England.]

March 4th, Chillicothe.—I have had a long further talk with Mr. Wilson ; he is quite impracticable, bent (?) on going to Europe to raise more money. . . . It is a very hard pill for him to be met by me speaking plain truth, and upsetting sophistries unflinchingly. . . . I prepared a long special letter to the Board, a recapitulation of the whole case.

I dare not dwell upon the bright, happy group that Rose portrays at West Mount. I long so much to be there, that I have to keep such visions somewhat at arm's length.

March 7th, Zaleski.—Your letter speaks of a very few spring flowers. I write to-day in the midst of winter—thermometer below zero for three or four nights past, and yesterday not above 16° all day. Water freezes in all the rooms both night and day, even in little Johnnie's sickroom, where a fire is kept up incessantly. . . . When one has a bilious sick headache, as I had on Friday, the extreme cold is far from pleasant. . . .

There are two great *furores* going on in New York together—a gambling rage in stocks in Wall St., and a religious revival — see slip of a Cincinnati newspaper enclosed. This has spread far and wide, and reached the Methodists at Zaleski, who have had several excited meetings. . . America is a land of revivals; spirit rapping has tens of thousands of earnest votaries. [He ridicules this cult.]

You ask what is to improve the Americans. I know not. A long bitter exhausting war might teach them a profitable lesson. . . . Very few of them are even aware of their great national deficiencies. . . . The slavery question has in it the elements of a quarrel, and it may be not very distant. This and the mischievous developments of universal suffrage cost thoughtful Americans grave doubts as to peaceful progress of their nation. Rowdyism is an institution, and the rowdies are voters.

March 14th, Baltimore. — [Mentions his journey to Cincinnati, a long interview there; thence "right through to Philadelphia, 720 miles without stopping in thirty-one hours"; next day on to Baltimore, with two interviews of an hour or so each, and a third of five hours; thence by a Sunday morning walk to his cousin Ann Jackson's house, where he writes.]

My own dearest, don't make yourself unhappy about my distress of mind. I have been lately very much calmer, I can scarcely say why. I hope the calm is sent to me. One of my anxieties—as to Zaleski—is greatly relieved by the pecuniary assistance raised in England [angrily however]. . . . I think I have more simple faith that God is ruling the things that trouble me. . . . As for you, my sweet darling, I shall feel like taking to me my bride again, with a deeper and more matured love and confidence. You have been so good and true and comforting and so brave.

In M. & C. matters I am determining to put more pressure on. I have plainly told Mr. Cutler my want of confidence in Wilson, . . . and [to force his resignation] I don't mean them to have any pecuniary supplies while he is in power. I think he must surrender, but he grips his President's office very tenaciously. . . .

March 17th, New York. — [*En route* for Canada.] Weather now thoroughly warm, like our own season of lilacs and laburnums.

March 21st, Stratford, Canada West.—The name of this place will suggest to you Stratford in London East, through which I have walked many a night at about half-past 10, after spending the evening you know where.

I arrived at Buffalo on 18th, twenty-one hours' journey, slept at Mr. Rumsey's house, and came on here with him on Friday; held a Board meeting with him, G. Brown and

the Secretary, that evening. Yesterday I went with our Contractor and the Engineer over about eighteen miles of new road to W. in a hand-car. . . .

From E. H.'s last letter I find to my surprise that all this breeze with Captain Barlow may perhaps not result in his dismissal. There is some idea of sending Mr. Mackirdy back with him as his controller (or "dry-nurse" as Mr. Brown calls it); at the same time it seemed the G.W. of Canada might be willing to acquire our B. & L.H. line—a great relief to us all, and a capital bargain three years hence to the G.W.R.

As to Mackirdy's coming, it will be of no use whatever. . . Barlow must go, that is a fact; and if the London Directors won't back me in this I shall resign and publish all my reasons to the Proprietors.

If he resign, I must not shrink from helping to steer the Company through an embarrassing interval, which may delay me a few weeks. Now, if so, should you come out? It is for your pleasure and mine that I again put this question. . . .

In the wood yesterday to my no small surprise I found abundance of fresh green ferns, with many perfect fronds, lying nearly flat under the dead leaves of autumn, just as they had been borne down by the snows. Clearly the cold of a Canadian winter damages the delicate ferns less than English damp and fog. They and the moss are the only green things I see; all else is grey or brown or hay-colour until spring.

March 25th, Philadelphia.—I left Buffalo at 6 p.m. on the 23rd; we were three hours late at New York, and hence I had only half a meal from 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday to 3.30 Wednesday afternoon—I feel more weary than with any of my long journeys before.

[He soothes her by promising not to undertake the management of the B. & L.H. R.R.]

March 28th, Philadelphia.—I have been to Baltimore, and find a prospect that the Balt. and Ohio R.R. Co. may help the M. & C. by co-operation; it is too long a story to tell in a Sunday letter. . . .

I have caught another cold (what a stupid name that is!) caused I believe entirely by the atmosphere of the R.R. cars. The weather is now mild, like early May, but they still keep those stoves at an atmosphere of 80°.

[A detailed account of baptisms of adult Baptists which he witnessed is too long for printing.]

Zaleski is effectually relieved. From M. & C. matters I think I can get away in May. Oh, tempting vision, what a joy to go home, though I be sick all the way! . . . Dearest, we will not be parted, as far as I can plan it, a day longer than I think right.

April 2nd, Buffalo.—I have seen the letter from Mackirdy to Brown and Rumsey, from which it appears settled that Barlow is to return to his post. I am very sorry for the poor shareholders. Evidence enough has gone to England to prove that he has not known what he was about; but his plausible manner has got over it all, he has pooh-poohed facts as usual, won over the people he was in contact with, and is to be sent back to power. . . I decline to be his colleague. . . . Truly he has fascinated them; it is nothing else.

I was officially requested from London a fortnight since to come into Canada and give my time to the Company during this crisis; but the letters since ignore my existence. I interpret that I am dispensed with!

April 9th, Cincinnati.—On the 5th I was at Buffalo, and not very well. On the 6th I went to Hamilton, thence to Paris, and back to Hamilton, dining there with Burton's lawyer brother. On leaving he told me *my* time was wrong, and thereby caused me to miss my train. So I had to return to a hotel at 9, rose at 3, left Hamilton at 4.

Between trains at 6 a.m. took a walk along the savage Niagara rapids to the "Whirlpool," a lovely frosty morning, scenery equal to the falls themselves.

At Buffalo I had a final chat with Rumsey, and left at 1 for Cleveland; slept there, and in the morning saw the harbour and piers; found a New England young lady wanting protection and took charge of her to Cincinnati. On parting she made the civil speech, that if I were always as polite to my wife as I had been to her, she ought to be very happy. . . . I tell you, dear, I am very sorry for the American women; they are treated as toys—few of them have the love, allegiance, confidence and society of their husbands *fully*. . . .

I see no such children as ours. How I long to embrace them and have them about me!

April 15th, Circleville.—I have come here by stage, nineteen miles, and have to wait five hours. I am going to Baltimore by a route I have not seen, competing with the M. & C. . . .

I am in great fears that, after all, my efforts in M. & C. matters may have no immediate success. They keep repeating from England, that the bondholders will find no more money; and if not, they will continue in the mess. . . .

I still believe I shall get away next month, and I hope that our return to Blackheath will be found justifiable, but I prefer not to trust E. H.'s sanguine opinion in this.

The church is begun, and the walls up to the eaves; I think it will be ready in June.

Now, dearest, good night. I am just off in the cars, cars, cars—550 miles to travel before Saturday night at twenty miles an hour.

April 18th, Baltimore.—I have been reading on my journeys lately Macaulay's *History*, in good large type. I devour it like a novel—nay, it is far better than any novel.

The second volume is even more charming than the first; but what a humiliating series of disclosures of profligacy, oppression, treachery and all that is abominable, surrounding the throne! I am inclined to say with him that it is a mistake to talk of the good old times. . . . I rejoice to think that England is advancing socially, morally, religiously.

Some weeks ago I bought a Greek grammar that we may be able to read the Greek Text together; but it is monstrously difficult in my present distractions.

April 27th, New York.—On Monday, the 19th, I went to Washington with Mr. Van Winkle and his daughter, and returned on Tuesday afternoon. Weather rainy, but we viewed most of the public buildings outside, and the inside of the House of Representatives and Senate House, which are in the Capitol. This Capitol is on a great natural mound in the centre of a theoretical town, and from it radiate immensely wide streets called avenues, streets that ought to be built up with palaces to be consistent, but for the most part the buildings are unpretentious and the effect rather ridiculous—one side of the street scarcely seems to belong to the other. Practically the Capitol is as yet at the edge of the city, which is grouped round one Avenue called Pennsylvania. The Capitol is of white marble and has a fine effect, a huge mass towering over the town. . .

Wilson, Cutler, Putnam and I had conferences last week at Baltimore with a B. & O. committee, agreeable in their way but not leading to a dollar of substantial help. I was talking on R.R. matters till after 12 last night, and have been at it for some hours to-day. I have quite come to the conclusion that nothing immediately important will be effected by my visit, but I have hopes that as a step towards some improvement in the future it will not have been in vain. To myself and to my friends, as for the future, I think it may prove eminently useful; and, which is worth

something, I have learned to value and appreciate my own country and nation more intensely than I could have done without this opportunity of comparison.

One thing at any rate I think I can succeed in, that is, in making you and myself much happier by going home. Your letter decides me to take my passage for May 19th. . . . I have now travelled nearly 10,000 miles since I landed; or at twenty miles an hour about 500 hours.

April 30th, Marietta.—[Writes hurriedly "a poor shilling's worth" after a 600 miles' journey from N. York.]

May 9th, Cincinnati. — My last Sunday in Ohio—in twenty-one days I hope to be in England again! . . .

Wilson and I finally part on not very good terms. Finding from others that he treated my dissatisfaction as a temporary spleen . . . . I felt bound yesterday to make him understand that my opinions are fixed and deliberate.

[After expressing anxiety for his children in whooping-cough:] Death is indeed a terrible enemy, when he carries dear ones out of our sight. Yet in all such things we may see love and chastisement, not wrath. Life is a discipline to the very end of it; and the thoughtful observation that it is so, that the best and most improved of us are but at school in this state of existence, seems to tell me instinctively that my manhood, my prime, is to take place in another state hereafter. I am only just learning that rest and ease, so regarded, are things not to be looked forward to in this life. . . .

[In a long printed letter to the Proprietors of the B. & L. H.R. Co., dated March 29th, he carefully defines the case against Captain Barlow, whom he arraigns for gross and systematic extravagance, based on false estimates and aggravated by deafness to advice. T. W. P. in his first journey (August, 1857) had, he frankly confesses, failed to fathom the mischief in spite of great pains in examining

all the accounts. Meanwhile such remonstances as were repeatedly made to him by the Directors availed nothing. Captain Barlow did not reform his excessive scale of expenditure, and it was only in January, 1858, that his papers and statements of the Company's liabilities were found on his departure for England to be extremely misleading, and the Company seen to be some £40,000 in debt. T. W. P. handsomely testifies to Captain Barlow's integrity, diligence and professional competency, restricting his indictment to the two charges of extravagance and betrayal of responsibility.]

M. E. P.'s *letters to* T. W. P.

November 26th, 1857, *Ripon*.—You must not think because you see a date six days after your departure, that I have not written to you before; but my letter seems to me so sad and melancholy that I will not send it. We must each put happiness out of the question just now, and then we shall quietly and thankfully accept any little pleasant things which arise.

"Into each life *some* rain must fall."

But I will not add one drop to the bitter cup which you, dearest, have to drink. . . .

Dear Tom, cleave to your heavenly Father, expect blessings from him, and indeed they will come. . . . Oh, I know all your difficulties and embarrassments will be suffered, when they have done their work on you, gradually to pass away. Dearest, pray for me that I too may learn patience and simplicity and fervency of faith, may be more contented, less selfish. . . .

The little children are very happy here and very much at home. Rachel does her duties steadily and well; perhaps it is better that I have not Fanny's fanciful and self-willed spirit to contend with, though the children of course sometimes long after her. A very keen frost has

set in. Wombwell's menagerie has been in the town to-day, and I took Chrissie and May; they were most pleased with the elephants, which they fed with buns, but not the lion, which frightened them.

November 29th, Sunday Evening.—It is not till this late hour that I have leisure from the children for a word with you. Poor little Chrissie had quite a shower of tears this afternoon, all silently; and when I asked what it was, she said, "I was thinking about Papa." It was hard to help weeping too; indeed I often do; but I much fear its being misunderstood, and know that it is—they cannot comprehend here that you can be more to me than to them. But oh, I feel that I was too happy with you in our dear house, and needed teaching that God only is to be all in all. . . .

December 3rd.—I must tell you how our days pass here. After breakfast I see the children, and when your father takes the newspaper away to read, I have Chrissie and May to school for a time. Chrissie is beginning to write and does it very nicely. After that I write letters, or we walk; but we have been a good deal shut up by bad weather and the children's colds. In the afternoon we disperse a little, but there is not time to do much—the days are so *very* dark. Sometimes I help a little in domestic matters, and am a good deal in and out of the nursery, for such little children require more attention than Rachel can give. It is weary work often, but I try to bear up for your sake. . Your sisters are very attentive, and our evenings with work and books are sometimes even cheerful. . . .

Mrs. S. has written, in great distress about owing us money—£70 she calls it, and offering at the cost of sundry privations to repay it soon. I could not now press one who is worse harassed than myself. . . I think of writing to tell her exactly how the debt stands, that £25 was a free gift, and I will make £10 of yours a free gift; and then they must begin at once to repay by easy instalments.

Chrissie prayed last Sunday, "Please, God, let us see dear Papa and Fanny again"; and May added, "and let us all go and live *to-dezzer* at home *adain*." Oh, Tom, such a shiver of dread comes over me sometimes, when I think that perhaps we never may! . . . Charley is advancing nicely in talking—his speech is coming to him. And Baby has a tooth; he is a great favourite. I *could* not have left them all this winter; I see you were right in that.

May God be with you and sustain you! . . . You are brave and good to go out all alone to do your best for us and for so many. I am just as proud as if I had sent out a soldier husband to India.

December 9th, Ripon.—Yesterday we went down to the river Laver. The children thought the shingle a very nice "beach," and sailed a boat. May said it must be low water, as she saw some rocks in the stream. It was Chrissie's birthday, and she had so much notice and so many treats, that I was afraid my little girl's self-importance would be sadly fostered. But I took her alone, and had some very serious talk and prayer to counteract it. Grandmamma sent each child a present — a box of tea-things for Chrissie. I gave her the paint-box "from Papa"; she was very pleased, and her little face was quite pale with excitement in unpacking her treasures. In the midst came a parcel of little decanters and wine-glasses from Aunt Cooke. It was just as if C. was going to commence a household on her own account. She made tea herself in her little service, and each of us went in and had a cup. . . .

Rose is very kind and sympathising; there is something motherly as well as sisterly in her love for you, and I think she takes me into a corner of her heart. Dear, I *can't* do without love; and if you crave for love as much as I do, how dreary you must be without it! How well God knew

my tender point where to wound, when He took you away and home too at once! [She has dark fears that she will never see his face again, until they meet in a better world.] I was obliged to tell Rose one day to relieve the burden. . . . Rose has taken the housekeeping herself; it tried Lizzie too much—she is so over-anxious that all should go right. I think they behave most beautifully to your father. He is very well and cheerful; he is very fond of Baby and indeed of all the children. He has been intensely absorbed with *George Stephenson's Life*, and has now begun *Livingstone*. Baby has two teeth now; he is *very* good; he is my little son of consolation; perhaps he, too, is only lent, but no child could be more promising of health than he is now.

[She goes on to question him pressingly, whether he has not shown too much self-renunciation towards his partner in the present crisis, and will not thus make the world think the blame lay rather at his—T. W. P.'s—door. This is answered by him, in his of December 30th.]

December 16th.— . . . It is *very* difficult now not to live too much in the past and in the future, when the present is so barren. . . . I am afraid it will be a long while before we either of us prefer poverty to riches! . . . Your sisters do not understand how differently the change comes to me and to them, and are a little vexed if I am depressed. Rose is very fond of the baby, and Lizzie of May; Charley is too independent to endure much affection—he is devoted to his picture-book, his horse and his dominoes; and Chrissie, poor little thing, is no one's favourite but mine and her absent papa's, and is incessantly "kept in order" by a certain aunt, as indeed we all are. Poor Lizzie! I love her and feel for her in spite of all these things. I think she was made to have a much wider sphere of duty and affection, and under such softening influences would have been a happier and love-

lier character. . . . Rose is very nice — I think she shines more at home than anywhere; she bears respectfully and gracefully with your father, and tries to make him happy, and I think the evening of the old man's life *is* happy. He has few and plain tastes, and plenty to meet them; he reads the Bible a great deal; and all Rose's best nature is called out, like my own dear mamma's, by the extra need for sympathy and help. You don't mind my observations, do you? I think, if I said nothing, you would imagine I was concealing something from you. . . .

Mrs. Heseltine . . . is half worn out with upholding a harassed husband; she tells me all she knows, but I am so woman-like still as to feel only a reflected second-hand anxiety about business troubles, and to have a latent hope that all will gradually resolve itself into a state, denuded indeed as compared with two years ago, but still solvent and bearable and hopeful. It is, you see, difficult in this remote "dock" to feel anything but ripples of the agitated sea beyond. . . . To me the only vivid and present troubles are your absence from me and mine from home, and, perhaps, being so little in any one's esteem — except, indeed, the dear children's, they do cling about me most lovingly. . . .

Mr. Heseltine writes to me sadly. I feel inclined to prepare myself for the worst, certain that some time or other, *though* we fall, yet God will make your righteousness clear as the noon-day. . . . I think I have been reluctant to share in the work of the world sometimes, . . . but I am taking my full share now, indeed more.

Emma has been to our house and seen the Skinners. . . . I feel quite confirmed in my opinion that I could have lived on at Blackheath at very little more expense than we shall incur as it is — certainly the evenings and nights would have been most dreary, and I believe your relations here consider it a help to them; and some day I

think it will be right to let it be known that it was done for this reason.

You will excuse the scrappiness of this letter; it has been taken up and put down so often, for I cannot write long together, and I fear it represents very fluctuating moods. But you must take me for better and for worse, and I never fail in love to you.

December 20th, 21st.—[The first half of this very introspective letter, written in dejection of spirit, need not be reproduced; but the second half is given.]

I have your Sunday meditations and confessions written at Brantford, December 5th. Oh, how I do thank God for having worked so deeply by His Spirit in your heart! To what prayers may not all this trouble be the answer! How near together we are now in heart! Only, dear, you have outstripped me; I fear God is not working in me as He is in you; He has yet to deal with me. Once, nay many times, long ago, I have gone through seasons of bitter repentance and heart-searching; they are not forgotten by God; but just now there are such incessant small cares and occupations, and cheerfulness is such a plain duty to the poor children, and to your sisters too, I think, that I repress much feeling. . . . I sometimes fear we have tried to *do* too much and *be* and *feel* too little; and from hearts dead themselves no life can flow to others. We tried to civilise Lewisham, and I fear we have done little *but* civilise it. Oh, I see such a worldliness even in our Christian works. I partly knew it at the time, but I could not quicken my own heart, so I got tired of the work.

December 22nd - 25th. — Mr. Heseltine writes of Uncle Robarts's resignation, and says all is now on his shoulders. I don't feel much pleased with Uncle for deserting . . Charles is dissolving partnership with N. Binney; he is taking J. Overbury as his clerk, whom I find Mr. Hesel-

tine has dismissed. . . . Furthermore, you remember that Ellen has a young German friend, Elizabeth Thomas, staying with her this winter. She has been a fortnight at Essex Lodge, and they are all charmed with her, and above all Mamma thinks that Charles is charmed, but she does not feel quite sure yet.

I have a more cheerful letter from Mrs. Heseltine to-day, which I extract: "Captain Barlow is near sending my husband distracted. E. feels that the bills are drawn on *him;* that he dare not send them back, and is equally afraid of accepting them. He means very shortly to give up the London agency, and quite acquits Mr. Robarts for resigning his seat. . . . Edward thinks he shall save a very decent surplus of your husband's American property, . . . so, as you have £500 certain for the next six months, you need not fear . . ."

I must tell you, my dearest, that we all seem much more settled here this week, and I am more peaceful, and more willing, I trust, to accept from our Father's hands the sort of life He may choose to send. . . .

Your father accompanied the children and me to-day on a holly-seeking expedition; we got some, which the little ones brought home with great joy to decorate their nursery. They have all had a Xmas Eve game at magic music. . . . May is to go to church with us all to-morrow; she bids me tell you she can say 'cuckoo' and 'gig' and 'thunder,' having now "conquered these hard sounds."

Your very, very dearly loving wife, M. E. P.

December 31st.—Your account of Philadelphia is very nice. I am keeping all your letters together, and some day, perhaps, we shall look them over together for materials for "Our Book."

Emma writes me word very decidedly of Charles's affection for Miss Elizabeth Thomas: "He is deeply in love.

I wish he had set himself an easier task. She is sweet and clever and womanly, and cheerful-spirited . . . but I am sure nothing yet has entered her mind beyond friendship. Of course he must wait and follow her to Frankfort, and how he is to do that without a partner, I cannot tell." . . .

A long, full and very reassuring letter from Mr. Heseltine. I now see that there is every prospect of H. & P. coming out of the fire with heavy losses indeed, but unscathed in character and credit. . . . Only think of that "most delicate monster," the Public, as Southey calls it, taking a fancy to the B. & L.H. shares at last! I fear yours were sold *just before* the rise came, but don't let us mind that. You would verily, I believe, have stood on L. Bridge and thrown all your property into the Thames in November, just to be free, and now you will be free and have some of it safe still. Mr. H. says: "No new liabilities are to be entered into at all; all the old to be settled . . . and by the end of the quarter I think you will find Mr. Powell is worth more thousands than you expect."

One only thing does make me a little nervous, the talk of new schemes regarding the B. & L.H., and, perhaps, the M. & C. . . . Come back and let us live very quietly in our home, . . . but oh, pray, do not be persuaded into fresh doubtful schemes.

January 16th-23rd.—We have had a very sick house this week, with a general and severe attack of influenza. All the children have had it, and Rachel and Sarah and myself at the same time. . . . Rose has been very kind in this, as in all other matters, and all are now mending. . . . Chrissie is much taken up with the beginnings of arithmetic, and proves very quick. As I like it very much too (excepting accounts), I feel greatly interested in helping forward these little spontaneous unfoldings; and every

little sum that is done in C.'s head or slate, May verifies with her glass balls, which she is glad to have an excuse for producing in "school." May is quick at reading and very fond of it. Yesterday C. learned the scale of C. . . .

I think, if we could manage to make up £700 between us, we might live at Blackheath very well, and it would be wise and prudent to remain [to end of two years of the lease]. I can be happy in a simple life with you, if God will; and let us, as you say, read the Bible much together. . . . You will be my teacher and helper now, and we will try to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

January 31st [*Sunday*].—This evening there is a violent storm of wind and rain; so my portion of staying indoors and putting the children to bed has been the most fortunate. . . .

I am reading a book which, I think, would please you very much, on the book of Ecclesiastes. That book has always interested me deeply. When, years ago, I went through great mental distress and scepticism on almost all the great facts of a Christian's belief, it was almost the only part of the Bible—with the 17th chapter of Acts—that I could bear to read; and it was to me only as a pathetic and clever satire of Juvenal or Voltaire might be. Then, afterwards, when one by one I regained my lost treasures of faith and hope, it became distasteful. . . . For the first time I find a clue. Solomon was himself a disappointed man of the world, having tried every pleasure . . . and found the hollowness of all. . . .

I must tell you, dearest, that I am gradually becoming much more settled and contented; I hope it is not a learning to do without you, for I still feel—oh, most deeply—that all my chief earthly happiness is centred in you.

[N.B.—She had been weaning her infant and thus obtained a significant *physical* relief.]

[The following was written at five years old by C., in a nearly regular copy-book hand in pencil—]

My dear Papa

We like our little bookes very much indeed. May likes the 5 Pigs and I dont. I do like true books. And I hope you are very happy I am

Your little

CHRISSIE.

It is *quite* her own performance, and she did not know how to write a single letter when we came here!

I am very glad you acknowledge that you too would like to go back to Blackheath again. . . . I believe that much of your suffering will in future days be seen to have been from exaggerated fears. . . . Your good name is *not* taken away, indeed I think it is raised; and your home and those you love will, I trust, be also preserved. . . . I have told Charles to let the house for two months more to Mr. Skinner, and should you indeed return in April, we will all enjoy ourselves here together before going to town.

. . . Rose has had the baby for the last few nights to begin his weaning, but I miss him dreadfully. Last night I fetched him about 4 o'clock, for I felt so lonely. What a comfort that dear child has been to me! When I really part with him I must take one of the others.

February 10*th*-12*th*.—To-day is the day for the M. & C. meeting at Chillicothe. I have been thinking of you and praying . . . my heart has been strangely yearning towards you this evening; has yours to mine? I cannot bear to think of you alone and dull and dreary, oppressed with responsibility and shaken with conflicts.

. . . We were out last night at Mrs. W.'s and had a little music. I do not care for strangers so much as I once did, though *society* is pleasant to me and always will be, I hope. There is something of selfishness or else of mental

dulness in preferring the home fireside all the year round to the least change of scene and companionship. I will take great pains to preserve my dear children from ungracious shunning of others. . . . And you, too, *do* seek others a little, even these Americans—no doubt they have some good in them. . . . Tom, what is to regenerate America, to give them, in a word, the chivalric honour of the old races? . . . [She suggests, War.]

February 10*th* [An extract from a letter of Aunt Rose's to T. W. P.].—If you could handle a wishing-cap and just wish yourself across the Atlantic, you would perhaps alight in the midst of one of the happiest of domestic groups in Old England at a place called West Mount soon after 6 p.m., and in the drawing-room all brightly lit with fire and lamp would see a pretty young mother at the pianoforte playing a merry dance for her two little girls and brother Charley, who have tables and chairs pushed away that they may have a merry romp to music, or with Aunt Rose who pretends to polk with Charley, while Grandpapa dandles his little favorite baby grandchild in an easy chair, and Aunt Lizzie is seen perhaps throwing Lady's ball past the young legs as they skip over the carpet. . . . I never saw my father so happy before, and your children's love for him is very great.

Certainly dear Lizzie's heart must have bounded with delight at her reception last Friday after a month's visit at Moortown; the little things smothered her with kissing embraces, and Charley clung to her all the evening. Baby is a prodigy and my especial pet. . . .

February 19*th*.—I am deeply grieved and disappointed to find that you are not cheered by the letters which we trusted would cheer you. I cannot think Mr. Heseltine so totally deceived. . . . Oh, Tom, I am so sorry that you are not comforted [see his of Jan. 31st]. . . . If I have any more, or at least several more, letters showing

such depression of spirits, you need not be surprised to see me appear unbidden some day. . . .

The children are all well and happy. Mr. Frank Ellison joked about wanting to adopt May for his own, and fixed a day to come for her. Chrissie took it in earnest (she is not quick at apprehending a joke), and I wish you had seen her clasp May closely in her arms and try to defend and detain her; it was very pretty and touching. May God spare them to each other. I think Charley and Baby will be almost as close a pair, Charley being backward and Baby very forward, and Charley is very fond of him and not jealous.

[After repeating Mr. E. H.'s remonstrance against further sale of T. W. P.'s bonds.] We all see, dear Tom, that your own sadness is colouring your judgment. It may seem a paradox—but oh, how often have I had to practise it, and now need it!—*do not believe in yourself when depressed;* whatever then seems to you true, disbelieve, except indeed the grace of God. Ah, I often envy you for the nearness with which you are living to God in your trouble. . . . Oh, how I long for *thy refreshing grace!* . . . But, perhaps, if I had been like you deeply exercised in spiritual matters, I could not have done all I have had to do this winter. . . .

Don't forget Our Book, and to make memoranda for it; much of your letters will be capital in it.

February 22nd [Describing country walks; her sister Emma there].—The grass is just right now for walking, the ground slightly frozen and firm, and the sun bright. Winter itself is pretty in such nice country as this. . . . Emma enjoys the country excessively, and is quite surprised at its winter beauty.

February 25th [Extracts from a letter of Aunt Rose's].—We pray God daily to give you the comfort of His Holy Spirit and a right judgment. . . . Let me ask you,

dear Tom, if you really cast *all* your cares on Him who careth for you. Go on from step to step and don't look too far ahead in your own strength. . . . I know, my dear brother, that I can tell you no new thing. You are God's own child. But it is the Christian's privilege to speak oft-times one to another and exhort one another. . . .

As to your father and sisters, take no anxious thought. We can manage well to live respectably on £300 a year *here*, and elsewhere on much less than that, and be very happy too. . . .

[Referring to an intended loan of £50 to an uncle in aid of a purchase of land.] £50 is not a ruinous sum, and our four shares in it will not be missed, and I shall enjoy what we have left all the more for having shared a slice of our loaf with a brother in need. . . . We keep quite out of debt, and provisions are cheap—meat 7*d.* per lb., flour 1*s.* 10*d.* a stone.

February 28*th.*—It has been quite a busy Sunday with us. . . . In the afternoon there was a children's service, and a very pretty little sermon about Samuel. I took both Chrissie and May; both were good. May whispered, "Mamma, May understands a great deal." And Chrissie proved that she did by giving a very nice account of it of her own accord to Aunt Emma. . . .

The long-delayed winter has made its appearance since Emma came, and this week we have had several snow-showers. The snow melts in the mid-day sun, and the roads are shocking, but still we walk about, somewhat to your father's amusement. . . . On Wednesday Emma and I are going to town. I shall leave the children very happy and exceedingly well—even Chrissie and Charley are plump and rosy. (May is at this moment employed in teaching Charley to read!—she sitting in an arm-chair and C. standing before her.) Rose is very devoted to the

children, and I trust she will not feel it too much for her. . . .

This is Chrissie's message—"*I send my love*"; she is making a shirt for Charley. May inquires whether a jam-pudding would be a good thing to send you, as she should like to send you something nice.

March 11*th*. [Much of this letter and of the previous one is taken up with most earnest pleadings that he will not commit himself to a permanent appointment in America, a thing which there is no proof that he even contemplated.]

Here am I in London at last; Emma and I travelled hither yesterday. . . .

My own growing conviction is that you had better come back. . . . If the B. & H. is not going to succeed, you cannot make it. And we have suffered enough. Who else of them would sacrifice himself and his family for it? I do deliberately say that I refuse to be sacrificed any more, or to believe it is your duty to work any longer, as before, for these things. It is very costly work you give them; it is like pouring out your blood, and your life, and almost your reason upon them. And *you are mine and shall not*. If God will, I would add; it is not against Him I would struggle, but against the selfishness of men, and—oh, Tom—your too great reluctance to say 'no' for our sakes. . . . Do not misunderstand this; I know you *want* to come home, I know you long for it.

3, *Threadneedle Street*.—I have had a little talk with Mr. H. . . . Daily, it appears, Captain Barlow is fascinating the shareholders more and more by that manner of his and winning them to believe in his honour, and perhaps to reappoint him even after what has happened. So I cannot see how they can long be angry with you for having been seduced by the same influences. . . . I

am writing *at your desk*, on a bit of your paper! London looks very busy and very foggy to my countrified eyes.

March 14th, Essex Lodge, Upper Clapton [*her mother's*]. —. . . . I feel more decidedly than ever, that I am ready to go to you if you want me. . . . If you *should* stay two or three months beyond the time, I am determined, God willing, to go out to you. You shall not stay alone. . . . I cannot find out that there is ill-will borne to you, or in fact that you are blamed in any way, except for having trusted in Captain Barlow too blindly and not having last summer verified his accounts and estimates. . . . I have been taking great pains to inquire, and have had it most earnestly and explicitly assured me by the Robarts's, Mr. H. and Charles, that your good faith, your strict honour and your personal readiness to undertake exertion are not only not breathed upon but are known and appreciated. . . . No doubt your business will suffer for a time; I am quite prepared for that. We shall be very happy, if you will but come home. I thought it such a blessed remark of yours that Americans will be able to carry out the details of the work best. Pray let them. Uncle George expresses their current notions of honour by "*rem—recte si poteris, sed quocunque modo rem.*"

March 18th.—You cannot think how very much delighted and cheered I have been with your nice long letter this week from Zaleski [that of February 21st]. . . .

Yesterday was your father's birthday, and a very important day too to poor Charley, for he had to part with his beloved one. She is now gone home to Frankfort, after a ten months' visit to Uncle George's. C. has done all he dared, considering her distance from home, to show her the state of his feelings, but we none of us feel quite sure about hers. I wish she were an English girl, she is very like one . . . but she seems so fond of her home

and family that I fear it would be a terrible struggle for her to give it all up. She and Harriet are very great friends. . . .

Mamma had a dinner-party here last night. They have adopted the continental custom here of dressing the dinner-table with dessert and flowers at the beginning, and except the large top and bottom dishes having everything else handed round, and not upon the table at all. You cannot think how pretty it looks, and how much waiting and bustle it saves; and fewer dishes do too.

March 21st, Upper Clapton.—My brothers are so very kind and affectionate, it quite does me good to be here. . . . George wants to go to sea for a little while. They have been fitting with engines a ship of the Portuguese navy, and are to supply her with three Engineers; George thinks Mr. H. might give him the third post for six months' cruise. . . . Arthur is really a nice boy; he responds so warmly to love and kindness. He is much engrossed with photographic sketching, and is going to take me to send to you. . . . Charles looks pale and excited and restless, poor fellow. He has no partner yet.

March 28th, Blackheath Park [*Mr. Heseltine's*].—Here I am at this dear place again, sitting by the window on such a lovely spring morning. The almond-trees are out, the peach-blossoms opening, and my hopes begin to be quite buoyant. Soon I shall say—the month after next I shall see you.

March 29th.—I have been to the house this morning with my great bunch of keys to take out spring clothing. . . . Mrs. Skinner sent a message to say she would like to see me, so I went into her room (the *spare-room;* I am glad she does not use *ours*). She is confined continually to bed, and suffers much pain, the effects of an accident, being thrown out of her carriage; her eldest son and a daughter were both thrown out too, and both utterly disabled for

seven years! And the same summer another child was struck blind by a *coup de soleil*. The young ones are now slowly recovering, but she, it is feared, never can. She told me she had been carried upstairs on a board and taken round the rooms, and when she saw the nurseries she was so touched and sorry for me; and I told her, the one great trouble had been parting with you, and the rest was light, and that I felt her trials were far heavier than mine, and said, "There is One who consoles . . ."; and she grasped my hand and said with tears, "Oh, yes," and told me that her little daughter had said in her pain, "Oh, mamma, how can any one live in this world without God?" I am glad I went to see her. . . .

I have asked Mr. H. whether the business will be a living for all of us. He does not seem to have much doubt of it. . . . I know, if I express a single sanguine view, you will say I am under Mr. H.'s influence; but it really does not only come from him, and besides it is very pleasant to be in the atmosphere of hopefulness and good-nature which pervades this house. I dread narrow circumstances, for I fear they would narrow my heart. This is *true;* and, Tom, you must help me not to go into foolish, selfish, oppressive extremes of economy; I much more need help to be generous and hopeful.

[This letter, in concluding, alludes to the Lewisham national schools, in which he and she had closely concerned themselves.]

Easter-day, April 4th, Essex Lodge.—In answering your letter I fear I scarcely expressed to you what a nice one it was, and how your words of love and hope comforted me [see his of March 14th]. I too begin to look forward rejoicingly to the happy time when I shall have you always, all day, and in the sweet country, in our lovely English June. There will be no occasion for you to go up to town at all, Mr. Heseltine says, until we all go together. . . .

April 7th.—Your letter of March 21st is come to-day. . . . I am glad of course that you can care so much about the M. & C. strife which is pending, and I know well that you cannot come away at a critical point; but I wish you could see the indifference there is in England about it, and could feel one little bit of the weariness and heavy-heartedness with which I answer the reiterated question, When is Mr. Powell coming home?—with, I do not know. . . . [After again urging his return:] I am going back to Ripon on Friday. I have accounts of Chrissie which make me a little uneasy; Rose fancies hooping-cough may be impending.

April 16th, Ripon.—. . . I am sorry to say there is bad news for you about the children; they all have the hooping-cough. The first evening of my return I felt no doubt as to the nature of Chrissie's cough, and the next day I fetched Mr. Frankland, who confirmed it. I have taken her to sleep with me, as she requires much attention at night. Rose has baby. He has the cough very badly, and I cannot but feel uneasy about him, because he is cutting teeth too; but he is a good strong child. It is funny to see him cough—he does it so heartily, and then looks up astonished and half reproachful in our faces. I trust he and all the rest will get through it safely; the season of year is in their favour, and they were very well to begin with, and the air is very good; but when the conviction first came upon me that it was this dreaded complaint, I felt very unhappy and fearful. . . . I long more than ever for my convenient nurseries and for Mr. Burton, whom I much prefer to Mr. F.

Poor little Chrissie looks very thin and pulled down. It is a great disappointment to have the sweet spring months occupied with nursing instead of enjoying the fields and lanes and wild flowers. But I think my little ones may yet have the pleasure of searching for cowslips and blue-bells.

[*Extracts from a letter of* AUNT LIZZIE'S, *April 16th.*]

Written in a very small, stiff, dry-as-dust hand.

My Dear Tom,

As you hear all of interest on general topics from other quarters, I only trespass on you when business matters within my special province lead me to do so. The wish to give you some little cause for satisfaction is now my motive, and I want to give an a/c of my stewardship. The list of liabilities of H. & P. and T. W. P. that you left with me is now all clean wiped out, except about £17 from T. W. P. to my Father, and I must tell you how it has been managed. . . .

There seems to be some of the vagueness of the future removed in our anticipations by your definite intimation of a purpose to leave America, D.V., in May, and we now permit ourselves trustfully to contemplate the month of June and your presence among us connectedly. . . .

Now I will go on to tell you what has been transpiring during the last week in reference to Aunt Joe [Mrs. Wilde]. The little house standing just within a lane at the Ripon end of Tanfield Road was going to be vacated next May-day. After the exchange of some letters between Ripon and Hastings, it seems now settled that she will take it. It is a most providential thing that this opening should so suitably turn up just when my aunt and Rosamond are tired of being without a house. . . .

M. E. P. *to* T. W. P.

April 22nd.—I am glad to be able to send you a favourable report of the dear children. Though the cough is severe, they, at least the three younger ones, are very lively and happy. For the last few days we have had weather quite like summer, and the children are now quite freely out again in the fields and lanes, enjoying the wild-flowers. . . . Chrissie is very soon over-tired, and has

suffered more severely than the others; Mr. F. tells me she has had a slight congestion of one lung. I think she is a very delicate child. But I trust our heavenly Father will make her His own. . . .

Your letter reached me on Tuesday, the one written just after Captain Barlow's resignation. Dearest, I feel deeply for you in your disappointment, sincerely thankful that you are free of the Buffalo, and trustful that a little time will enable you to look coolly on the past, forgivingly on those who have opposed and thwarted you, and hopefully to the future. A little time will test Capt. B.'s new promises. If he now amend and succeed, so much the better for the shareholders. If not, the men who have slighted you . . . will seek your experience and counsel. But, dear, I don't know anything which raises a man more than to see him show a fine temper under injuries — slight, calumny, betrayal. Oh, Tom, how many noble men have fallen on evil days! Let us leave our honour to *God;* He will take care of it better than we can. . . .

I would leave it entirely to others to make overtures of reconciliation to you, and also to vindicate your character and name. A man *cannot* do that for himself without suffering in something else. The thing is to be *in the right*, as I steadfastly believe you are.

Then again perhaps you exaggerate not only the importance of ill opinions, but also the extent of them. London is not so full of this subject as Brantford. . . . Only come home as fast as ever you can, and pick bluebells in the woods with your children, till the quiet heart of Nature soothes your vexed spirit. . . . We have such hot weather; it is like summer—doors and windows open and no fire; yet the trees are still leafless and brown —surely they will awake soon!

This is the last of the series of American letters—T. W. P. returned to England in May and the life at Blackheath was resumed soon afterwards.

T. W. P. *to his wife, who, with Chrissie, was staying with her mother.*

3, Threadneedle Street, E.C.,
London, 27*th September*, 1858.

The children are quite well, but yesterday evening Charlie compained of pain and was restless . . . this morning he seems well and lively and says he is quite better. Yesterday afternoon I took May to Lee Church—she was very good and quiet—much less fidgetty than Chrissie—it remains yet to see whether she may not be more so when she is less impressed by the novelty of the situation. She has had her donkey ride—the goat chaise is to come yet. The best news there is since your departure is a decidedly improved week's traffic in the B. & L.H. If this unhappy [line] could but take a decidedly and permanently better aspect it would be such a relief—it is the thing that I long and pray for as the beginning of daylight. . . .

Saturday was very fine and May and Charlie were happy "grubbing," which, when the weather is warm enough, I believe to be a most wholesome occupation. . . . Yesterday morning I gave May half a plum with the stone in it, telling her to put the stone out. In five minutes she came to me, asking with affected indifference whether I ever swallowed a plum stone when I was a little boy—perhaps, I may once, said I, but it is very naughty—have you swallowed that plum stone? Immediately she was in tears, saying she couldn't help it—she was evidently very much frightened.

3, Threadneedle Street, E.C.,
30*th Sept.*/58.

My Dearest Mary,

I received your letter of yesterday on my return home from Lewisham school. . . . The school meet-

ing was eminently successful—certainly more than 300 people were present after tea, and during tea the room was as full as people could sit, and I should say there would be about 200. They were exceedingly orderly and both the audience and the speakers were sincerely gratified. It was no doubt the most successful thing of the kind ever attempted at Lewisham, and a gratifying exhibition of the fruit of Mr. Brown's work. . . . May and Charlie continue quite happy but will be glad to see you and their playmate at home again. . . . Home will seem more like itself when you come back—summer does not appear to be over yet. . . .

M. E. P. *to* T. W. P.

April 17th/59.

[*Eleanor then a month old.*]

BLACKHEATH PARK, *Sunday evening.*

My Dearest Tom,

I have read and thought and minded children till I am tired, and really must indulge in writing a little to you. . . . I went to the Sacramental service to-day in a bath-chair—which I thought was not open to any conscientious objections. . . . It felt rather dreary to go alone and reminded me of those unhappy months when you were away. I trust no such time will be sent to us again—but I don't feel in good spirits about the future—perhaps the cause is in myself. I have a heavy sense of failure and disappointment pressing upon me, of trying to do right and to please and make others happy and being unsuccessful and misunderstood. Then I turn from the harsh judgments of men to the kind and tender and appreciating judgment of God, who "knoweth our frame and *remembereth* we are dust." Mine is often a weak fitful frame just now—and it is such a comfort to me to think that He remembers this and will make allowance. . . .

Here follows an interval of over two years without any letter. In the meantime the family had removed from Blackheath Park (in June 1860), and had gone to a furnished house in Charlton, now called Springfield, where they lived for a year, while the Cherry Orchard was being altered and improved, and where the sixth child, myself, was born in April 1861. They moved into the Cherry Orchard, which was still in the hands of workmen, in June 1861.

2, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.,
27th Aug., 1861.

My Dearest Mary

All seems right at home. I saw Louisa and Ann very diligent yesterday evening picking out curtain seams The gardeners are busy with the new walks, and my unskilled brain has been severely exercised in arranging to reconcile clashing angles arising from the fact that the new building stands square to no part of the garden whatever—one thing is clear, that if we are moderately successful, the effect of the two separate lawns, visible each from the other, will be very good. . . . The bricklayer is at work ornamenting your pet chimney.

T. W. P. *to his wife at Brighton.*

Ripon,
29th April, 1862.

My Dearest Mary,

. . . I got your letter of Sunday and Monday before I dressed this morning, and I say, *well done* good wife and good mother. Your children here are happy and have every comfort they can desire, thanks not a little to your busy preparations—your holiday will not be long. If all be well I will soon join you and try to help a little in the rest of the work. You have indeed had a long un-

settlement, but I hope it is very near the end, and that you will be rewarded with very much enjoyment, for you deserve it. . . .

There is now a gap till July 1865. The seventh child, Bertie, had been born in May 1863. In July 1865 our mother went to Moortown to stay at Mr. Crowther's, taking Eleanor, then six years old, with her. Her letter relates how, on arriving at Leeds, and not being met, they went to Mr. Crowther's warehouse. "Eleanor looked quite dismayed when I took her into the warehouse—and whispered: 'Mamma, is Uncle Crowther's house like this all over?'" . . . "Henry arrived an hour later—he was much overcome on entering—and still seems grave and rather silent. It is said he is engaged to a young American lady—and is going back to settle there. No one has asked himself yet, but Rose and Polly quite believe it, and they fancy it is some connexion of Mr. N. Wilson. Eleanor is very happy going about with Clara. [Clara was nearly four years older than Eleanor.] I think much of *you*—with all your charge. All enquire and speak most affectionately of you. . . ."

Another letter follows this one, containing a good deal about Henry Crowther's affairs. He seems to have looked on his aunt as a trustworthy friend. I give a quotation to show how the Crowther family trusted and consulted their uncle and aunt almost in place of their father, and the reason of this. "Henry has not divulged much about himself yet. He looks still ill and anxious. I caught him alone yesterday for a few minutes and asked him if he was really going back to America, and he says all that is settled and his new partnership nearly concluded. . . [Asked about his love affair.] He said, "I *cannot* tell yet —there are reasons which withhold me, but *you* shall know all before I leave again." He has, we fear, made some considerable loss for his father in a speculation—

which is weighing on his mind—and he has not been able to get courage to tell him. It is about £800—and you know how badly Mr. C. will take it, and what hard things he will say—although Henry was authorised to act—and probably did the best he could—and then the sudden end of the war altered the value of everything. . . . I begged him moreover to write to *you* fully to-day—so that when you see Mr. C. to-morrow (as you will), you may be in possession of the real facts. It is really necessary to hear both sides in these disputes. George is also planning to go to America and take up a business, and Edward will be left alone here. Mr. C. is dreadfully worried about it all, but the young men are very cheerful and hopeful—and ought to have their side considered as well as his. He wants to have his sons exactly like himself, but they can't be that. . . . [They drive, leaving Eleanor at the Crowther's for a night, to Ripon. Aunt Rose was with them, her foot was sprained.] "Your father said, "Thou's a worse cripple than I am now—but thou'st hope to be better which I much fear I have not." He looks well in the face but can hardly manage to get from room to room with two sticks and Mrs. Robinson to help. . . . I feel quite happy about home and hope the care is not too heavy on you. If you have the haymaking, etc., on Thursday, let Emma know in good time. . . .

Ever, dearest, with warm love, your wife,

MARY E. POWELL.

Nearly two years pass without leaving any trace in letters;* and then, in April 1867, when T. W. P. was at Ripon for his father's funeral, he writes to his wife:

WEST MOUNT, RIPON,

30th April/67.

"Yesterday we rode through a sort of spring fog till we were near Bramham when it turned out a most charming

* In Sept./65 Agnes was born.

day—there was no sadness nor mourning in the sky—the old churchyard was very charming, and the village never looked prettier. I pictured the place very little different near 80 years ago from what it is now, but with my father's little feet pattering round the walls of the churchyard, or walking in the paths, as no doubt he did when he was as old as Bertie."

The next surviving letters relate mainly to the affair with Mr. Boulton mentioned in the autobiography. My father being again at Ripon, this time paying his last visit to his sister Lizzie who was extremely ill with cancer, and who died in June 1868, my mother writes to him and he to her. He tells her that his sister has not lately had much suffering, "she looks faded away, very thin and delicate, but patient, quiet, peaceful . . . she is very weak." He continues (the letter is dated Dec. 7th 1867): "Enclosed is a letter which contains as much as I feel I can write while B. continues to refuse to express himself satisfied on any of the points of accusation he has raised against me, and while in fact he continues to meet my statements with a practical 'don't believe you.' Send it if you like—if you disapprove, the sending of anything must wait till my return."

In a letter that she writes to him on Dec. 6th 1867, she describes a visit to her old friends the Rams, of Plaistow, for the purpose apparently of discussing some charitable plan mentioned in the letter as "a semi-medical work of charity, conjoined with the training of parochial nurses," and later as "an experiment among other things of a Protestant sisterhood, or deaconess establishment." She mentions the people who may be persuaded to give pecuniary help and proceeds: "He [Mr. Ram] wishes to have a few suggestions as to the nature of the proposed charity put on paper for him to use—which I am going to do—and I

know they will all talk about it. And then shortly, when a few more opinions have been taken, he wishes me to go there again, and he will get Mr. Fowell Buxton to luncheon, and see whether anything can be agreed upon. I think I should take Alfred Marten if he would go. The place seems sadly gone down, and the cottage building increases —they really do need help. The resident gentry are departing—Mr. Ram's old house is turned into an Ursuline convent, all the Gurneys are gone—and nearly all the Pelly's. Even Mr. F. Buxton, who seems their principal friend, is making himself a fine place in Hertfordshire and then Ham House will be deserted—perhaps pulled down, or turned into an institution. . . . I shall write and tell Henry about my visit, and ask him to forward the letter to Alfred. It is Uncle George whom I feel the principal difficulty in approaching. But yet I have a kind of instinct that if such men as Mr. Ram and Fowell Buxton approach him, and praise his generosity, as they surely would, he would yield to them, and there is that in him which would quite as readily give £500 as £5, and that's what I want him to give. Besides, Ellen and Alice [this must be she who was subsequently Mrs. Mee] have both a power of feeling deeply on a thing which touches their sympathy and their enthusiasm. . . . Miss Hale's shrubs went in the morning, and she is very much pleased and wants to know the cost. Are you going to charge her for them?"

Postscript.—I have just got a note from Mr. B. It is very temperately written. He seems quite willing to see Mr. Hollams, and I feel inclined to try to bring about an interview between them somewhere, perhaps to-morrow. You must not think me interfering with your business. It is because you have been drawn into this trouble by George, that I act for you, to try to make some amends, as his father and mother might do. Mamma is unfit—and I stand the next to them. All the same I still hold that a few words of regret and kindness from yourself to Mr.

Boulton would do more than almost all besides—and if you *could* take a little blame for *anything*, I would.

T. W. P. replies : "Thanks for your very interesting letter. I see you are going to carry your point with the Plaistow hospice scheme—but you will see yet that you won't manage it without the help of your husband. Well, dearest, the tithes are not all brought into the storehouse [Mal. iii. 10], so Plaistow can have a note for the Hospital. Perhaps this S. and M. visitation is intended to remind me that my tithes should have been applied more promptly. I make Miss Hale a present of the shrubs. It is not a very expensive present. . . .

Yours most affectionately,

T. W. Powell.

You are a brave little woman.

I do not think it is wise to rake up the old ashes of this dead affair any further than is necessary to show that the autobiography does not exaggerate the bitterness of it, and to throw light on the characters and motives and minds of the actors in it. It is clear from a letter subsequent to the foregoing one that our mother was able to see Mr. Boulton's point of view with sympathy up to a certain point, and she is remarkably just and moderate and most wise in her advice. Mr. Boulton may have been justified in being hurt, for his point of view is shown in his question : " If Mr. Powell felt so much perplexed, and reckoned one as a friend—why did he not come and consult me, as my interests were also bound up with the affair ? " He not only felt pained but thought he had been used *unfairly*, and our mother says : " I have seldom met with a man so rigid and inflexible in his judgment of others. I should guess *he* has never known either trouble or difficulty, or the conscientious perplexity which arises when nice moral points are to be weighed."

Aunt Lizzie died in January 1868. T. W. P. writes of

her on February 9th 1868 to his sister Rose as "a dear good sister with a great many good points of character, never weary of thoughtfulness for and kindness towards others, yet with some bits of human infirmity. . . . Not everybody understood dear Lizzie, but to us she has left a sweet fragrance behind—a great thing to have said of us when we are gone." In a letter written a little earlier he says how the "early loss of our mother, and my father's deafness and his practical abandonment of the management of all his affairs to us three, brought us all very closely together, and we have had lives not without troubles, but with more than the usual joys of family communion—and now death seems to have stepped deliberately forward with a notice of separation, and day by day is untwining the *visible* cord that ties our hearts together—and again on you, my dear good faithful Rose, devolves the task of daily nursing and tending and watching."

Some passages in the two letters last quoted refer to his children and their schools, Chrissie's at Brighton, and Charlie's and Edmund's at Rottingdean.

"May went off yesterday with Mr. Payne (Lucy's father) for a few days visit to Ettingshall and Wolverhampton . . . she is certainly more like you than any other of our flock. In about 10 or 11 days Mr. Hewitt's school begins—soon after that Miss Cresswell's—and in about a week Miss Le Capellain ought to be here . . ."

In the later letter: "Chrissie has written two letters since she went to Brighton, and we feel no doubt that thus far she is happy and exceedingly interested in her new schoolwork, particularly in her having masters (the only *master* at Miss Hale's was for drawing). Mary thought Edmund just a little down—he had a headache and not unlikely, as she was leaving him, just a little heartache or home sickness—but Charlie's letter to me, received yesterday evening, says he is quite well and happy. He was sure to feel a little home turning after the first excitement of change

was over, although he was so eager to go to his new school. Once over this he will be all right enough I daresay. I can't judge from experience, for I was never really weaned from my father's home and my sisters till the call came to cleave unto my wife—my longest absence before that was my three months in London before I was admitted as an attorney."

In terminating his autobiography abruptly at his wife's death, our father seems in a sense to indicate that his life too was then finished ; or perhaps he reflected that most of his children could remember the subsequent events. Actually he survived his wife by twenty-six years. For those who cannot remember, it is worth while to summarise the remaining years. He continued to live at the Cherry Orchard till 1878, attending assiduously to business, and occupied with his usual hobbies, namely the garden, and bricks and mortar. I can remember him from 1867 till his death, and I cannot recall any time when he was not occupied in building something—even if it were only a shed or a garden wall.

In the winter of 1874-5 he took one of his longest journeys. His eldest son became invalided for some months, and he devoted himself to him, taking him to Malvern, tending him like a sick nurse, and finally in December, carrying him off to Egypt for the winter. The party, which consisted of himself, his eldest son and daughter, his sister-in-law, Miss Anna Marten, and the Rev. Morlais Jones, a Congregational minister of Lewisham, with his wife, went up the Nile in a Dahabieh, and he was much interested in the colossal architecture of Egypt.

In the summer of 1877 he took one of his journeys to America on Erie railway business, taking his second daughter May with him. It was in that year that he decided on leaving the Cherry Orchard, and seeking a home in the country. Failing to find a house that suited

him in the neighbourhood of Guildford or Godalming, where he wished to live, he decided to build. The land which he coveted as a site, that on which Piccard's Rough now stands, was not in the market, but the owner, Mr. Wight, was persuaded to give him a 99 years' lease of a field of five acres. The house, built by Mr. Norman Shaw, was finished in the summer of 1879. After a time he was able to acquire the freehold of the land on which he had built, and added to it by degrees, east, south and west, till his five acres had grown to over thirty.

The year intervening between 1878 when he left the Cherry Orchard and 1879 when he moved into Piccard's Rough, was spent in London, a place which did not at all please him as a residence.

After moving to Guildford he did not retire from business, though he had talked of doing so—he worked very hard, usually leaving home at 8.30, and not returning till 6.30.

After the marriage of his eldest daughter in September 1880, he went to America again, returning in November. His second son, Edmund, was married in April 1881, and his first grandchild, Christopher Herringham, was born in August of the same year; his first granddaughter, Dorothea Powell, in April 1882; and his first grandson of his own name not till 1885.

It would be difficult and unprofitable to chronicle the events of each year. The last fifteen years of his life were marked mainly by such domestic events as the marriages of his children; and the introduction of his second son into his own business; as well as by business of a multifarious nature, and by much arduous philanthropic work; and it was lightened and sweetened by his great love, his garden. All his spare moments at home were spent there, and he turned a sandy field into a garden, distinguished in a neighbourhood of gardens for its beauty and fertility.

It was also a great pleasure to him that in the year 1884 his sister Rose, and his cousin Rosamond Wilde, moved to Guildford, and from that time he took his afternoon tea daily at their house on his way home from the station. Rose Powell died in 1890, aged 80, and by her own wish was buried by him at Bramham.

His building labours alone form a long list, and he supervised them all in detail. Before he left Charlton he had built a workmen's institute at Lower Charlton, besides greatly enlarging and partially rebuilding the Cherry Orchard. At St. Catherine's, Guildford, he built nine cottages and a village hall; he bought and enlarged the "Lawn," where his sister lived; and when he found that a beautiful meadow between the Portsmouth Road and the river Wey was to be sold for building, and would be covered with rows of cottages, he bought it and erected four houses on it, now called Rectory Place; besides another house, "Hitherbury," which he built for friends, and one more small house. Besides these he built at Littleton a cottage for his children to use as a convalescent and holiday home for London children. His last important building was for a philanthropic purpose, and is described among his works of that nature.

His great business abilities were employed in his later years in very important work. Of these perhaps the largest and the best known publicly was his share in opening up part of Western Australia. He became chairman of a company which constructed, under contract with the Government, a railway from Albany to Perth, and acquired extensive areas of land adjoining. I have heard him say that this railway was more economically built than any other in existence. He spent the winter of 1888-9 at Albany, organising the new line, and was present at its opening; and he held large farms there till his death. He was a director of two tea companies; he was one of the trustees of the trust created by Mr. Hugh McCalmont in

his will, which disposed of over three millions of money.

As a memorial of this trust the beneficiaries presented him with a massive silver vase, which after his death his family gave to the Guildford Corporation, as a recognition of their having made him the first freeman of the borough of Guildford.

Another entirely different business occupied much time in his later years; this was a colliery in South Wales, at Aber Tillery, of which he became chief owner. He was chairman of the directors, and the supervision of this mine, particularly during troublous times of depression and of strikes, necessitated frequent journeys to Newport. It is characteristic of him that he built here also a hall for the colliers, which he presented to them; and that, when the men were out on a hopeless strike, actually in direct breach of contract, he supplied their children with breakfasts. During his life the colliery was worked up to a high pitch of excellence, but it did not become remunerative till after his death.

His philanthropic works were correctly and well described in the articles which appeared in the Guildford press directly after his death, and I therefore quote passages from them. "Foremost amongst his public acts of munificence must be mentioned the part he played in connection with the Restoration of the Grammar School . . . the £1,000 he contributed towards the restoration fund did much to relieve the Governors of embarrassment and to expedite the work. On the governing body he gave valuable assistance, and by means of prizes and smaller contributions did all he could to stimulate the interest of the pupils. . . . In 1895 he gave 600 towards the new class rooms, now rapidly approaching completion. . . . The educational work of the Working Men's Institute always strongly appealed to him, and for many years he was one of the Vice-Presidents. When that Institute was amalga-

mated with the Guildford Institute, and acquired the present premises in North Street, he helped the funds with a cheque for £500. . . . His last great work in connection with the working classes was the erection of Wycliffe Buildings in Portsmouth Road . . . to provide respectable people with comfortable homes. . . . This was given over to be managed by trustees . . . so that its advantages are secured in perpetuity for Guildford. The only conditions binding the trustees are that no alcoholic liquors shall be sold on the premises nor gambling permitted, and that no part of the building shall be used for meetings connected with political subjects. In the building is a hall to be used for undenominational evangelical services, and the rents of the tenements are to be applied, after keeping the premises in repair, to the expenses of this mission room. Mr. Powell . . . gave instructions that the hall should be open daily as a reading room for both men and women. . . . Two characteristic provisions in connection with the buildings were the organ—, a splendid instrument—and a flat asphalt roof giving a splendid uninterrupted view of the south-west aspect of Guildford.

"The sight of groups of lads idling away their time in the streets set Mr. Powell thinking of some means of profitably employing them, and the result was the foundation of the Guildford recreative brigade, some ten or eleven years ago. The Mission Hall in Chapel Street . . . was taken and fitted up as a gymnasium, and competent instructors from Aldershot were engaged."

He gave liberally to most of the religious sects in Guildford and in surrounding villages also, but particularly to the Congregational Church and schools. He used to go down to Guildford in the evening on an average quite once a week, but frequently oftener, usually on foot, to take the chair at some meeting in connection with religious or social work, and for several years he held a class

for the religious instruction of adults every Sunday afternoon during the winter months, besides attending church or chapel twice in the day.

He actually retired from the business of Heseltine, Powell & Co. about three years before his death, and during those three years he took life more easily than he had previously done, spending much time in his garden, paying occasional visits to his married children, and to his colliery, taking country tours in summer, and going up to town to the board meetings of the companies of which he was a director not more than about twice a week. Almost if not quite, his last public appearance in Guildford was on November 9th 1896, when he received the freedom of the Borough; a few days later he made his last business journey to his colliery in Wales.

He had been slightly ailing ever since the summer, but it was not till a few days before Christmas that he became ill enough to stay in bed for part of the day, and even then he expected to recover. His strength failed rapidly however, for he was suffering from a form of renal disease, and the last time he came downstairs was on Xmas Eve, when all his children were assembled. He died at sunset, a magnificent sunset, on the first Sunday in 1897, January 3rd, aged 78.

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